



From the Pastor's Desk

Year of the Horse — Whom Do We Rely On?

Brothers and sisters, a new year has begun. This year is the Year of the Horse. When I think of the "horse," I am reminded of Psalm 20:7:

"Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we trust in the name of the LORD our God."

In ancient times, horses represented strength, speed, and security. With horses, people felt confident. But the psalmist reminds us that true confidence is not found in chariots or horses, but in God.

In this new year, we all have plans and expectations.

Yet before everything begins, we must ask: **Whom will I rely on this year?**

We all have our own "horses": abilities, experience, resources, relationships, savings, and even the feeling that "I am in control." These are not wrong. What is wrong is treating them as our ultimate reliance.

A horse may run fast, but it cannot guarantee direction.

A horse may have strength, but it cannot determine the outcome.

What truly enables a person to stand firm is not what you have, but whom you rely on.

People often say, "Success comes swiftly like a horse arriving [马到成功]."

But more precious than success is the Lord's presence;

More important than speed is having the right direction.

When reliance is placed correctly, our steps naturally become steady.

Brothers and sisters, Trinity Church also has a clear direction this year.

Our vision statement is: **Following Jesus as One.**

Whom we rely on is the foundation; whom we follow is the direction.

We are promoting lectionary preaching and a discipleship pathway, not to make everyone busier, but so that the whole church may move in the same rhythm, led together by God's Word.

Reading Scripture during the week, responding in prayer, supporting one another in small groups, and listening together on Sundays—this is not a system, but a journey together. It is not driven by human effort but guided by God.

May this year be one in which:

When circumstances change, we still stand firm;

When challenges come, we remain at peace;

When the road is winding, we continue forward—because our help comes from the Lord.

May the Lord

establish the work of our hands,

establish our families and ministries,

and establish Trinity Church's witness in this generation.

In this Year of the Horse, may we

not gain strength from horses, but from the Lord;

not rush in haste, but follow steadily.

In the Lord's name, may blessings be upon you and your family. Amen.

Dari Meja Pastor: Tahun Kuda - Kepada Siapakah Kita Bersandar?

Saudara-saudari yang dikasihi, satu tahun yang baru telah bermula. Tahun ini ialah Tahun Kuda.

Apabila saya memikirkan tentang "kuda," saya teringat akan Mazmur 20:7:

"Sesetengah orang percaya kepada kereta perang dan sesetengah kepada kuda, tetapi kita percaya kepada nama TUHAN, Allah kita."

Pada zaman dahulu, kuda melambangkan kekuatan, kepantasan dan jaminan keselamatan. Dengan adanya kuda, orang berasa yakin. Namun pemazmur mengingatkan kita bahawa keyakinan yang sejati bukan terletak pada kereta perang atau kuda, tetapi pada Tuhan. Dalam tahun yang baru ini, kita semua mempunyai rancangan dan harapan.

Namun sebelum segala sesuatu bermula, kita perlu bertanya: Kepada siapakah saya akan bersandar pada tahun ini?

Kita semua mempunyai "kuda" masing-masing: kebolehan, pengalaman, sumber, hubungan, simpanan, malah perasaan bahawa "saya mengawal keadaan." Semua ini tidak salah. Yang salah ialah apabila kita menjadikannya sandaran utama kita.

Seekor kuda mungkin berlari dengan pantas, tetapi ia tidak dapat menjamin arah.

Seekor kuda mungkin kuat, tetapi ia tidak dapat menentukan hasilnya.

Yang benar-benar membolehkan seseorang berdiri teguh bukanlah apa yang dimilikinya, tetapi kepada siapa dia bersandar.

Orang sering berkata, "Kejayaan datang sepantas kuda tiba."

Namun yang lebih berharga daripada kejayaan ialah kehadiran Tuhan;

Yang lebih penting daripada kepantasan ialah mempunyai arah yang benar.

Apabila sandaran kita betul, langkah kita secara semula jadi menjadi teguh.

Saudara-saudari, Gereja Methodist Trinity juga mempunyai arah yang jelas pada tahun ini.

Pernyataan visi kita ialah: Mengikut Yesus sebagai Satu.

Kepada siapa kita bersandar ialah asasnya; kepada siapa kita mengikut ialah arahnya.

Kita menggalakkan pemberitaan khutbah berasaskan leksionari dan laluan pemuridan, bukan untuk menjadikan semua orang lebih sibuk, tetapi supaya seluruh gereja dapat bergerak dalam irama yang sama, dipimpin bersama oleh Firman Tuhan.

Membaca Kitab Suci sepanjang minggu, memberi

respons dalam doa, saling menyokong dalam kumpulan kecil, dan bersama-sama mendengar Firman pada hari Ahad—ini bukan sekadar satu sistem, tetapi satu perjalanan bersama. Ia bukan didorong oleh usaha manusia, tetapi dipimpin oleh Tuhan.

Kiranya tahun ini menjadi tahun di mana:

Apabila keadaan berubah, kita tetap berdiri teguh;

Apabila cabaran datang, kita tetap tenang;

Apabila jalan berliku, kita terus melangkah—kerana pertolongan kita datang daripada Tuhan.

Kiranya Tuhan

meneguhkan pekerjaan tangan kita,

meneguhkan keluarga dan pelayanan kita,

serta meneguhkan kesaksian Gereja Methodist Trinity dalam generasi ini.

Dalam Tahun Kuda ini, kiranya kita tidak memperoleh kekuatan daripada kuda, tetapi daripada Tuhan; tidak tergesa-gesa berlari, tetapi setia mengikut dengan teguh.

Dalam nama Tuhan, kiranya berkat dilimpahkan ke atas anda dan keluarga anda. Amin.

Rev. Belinda Lee

马年，我们依靠谁？

弟兄姐妹，新的一年开始了。今年是马年。

一想到“马”，我就想到诗篇20:7：

“有人靠车，有人靠马，
但我们要提到耶和华我们神的名。”

在古代，马代表力量，速度和保障。

有马，心里就有底气。

但诗人提醒我们：

真正的底气，不在车马，而在神。

新的一年，我们都有计划与期待。

但在一切开始之前，我们必须问：

今年，我依靠谁？

我们都有自己的“马”：

能力、经验、资源、关系、储蓄，

甚至那种“我能掌控”的感觉。

这些都不是错。

错的是，把它们当作最终的依靠。

马可以跑得快，却不能保证方向；

马可以有力量，却不能决定结局。

真正让人站得稳的，不是你有什么，

而是你靠谁。

人常说“马到成功”。

但比成功更宝贵的，是主同行；

比速度更重要的，是方向对；

依靠放对位置，脚步自然稳。

弟兄姐妹，三一堂今年也有清楚的方向。

我们的异象宣言是：

同心合一跟随耶稣（Following Jesus as One）。

依靠谁，是根基；跟随谁，是方向。

我们推动经课讲道与门训路径，

不是为了让大家更忙，

而是让整间教会在同一条节奏上，

一起被神的话带领。

周间读经，

祷告回应，

小组彼此扶持，

主日一同聆听。

这不是制度，而是同行。

不是靠人的推动，是靠神的带领。

愿这一年，

环境改变，我们仍然站立；

挑战来到，我们仍然安稳；

道路曲折，我们仍然前行。

因为我们的帮助，从耶和华而来。

愿主

坚立我们手所做的工，

坚立我们的家庭与服事，

坚立三一堂在这世代中的见证。

愿这马年，我们

不是靠马得势，而是因主得力；

不是急驰奔跑，而是稳稳跟随。

奉主名祝福你和你的家。阿们。

- 吕桑桑牧师

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The Editorial

The sun was setting, and the working crowd was hurrying home to loved ones for dinner. I was in Penang, my birthplace, visiting with my husband. It was one of those occasional getaways where I allowed myself to indulge in bowls after bowls of "kueh tiaw" soup, prawn noodles and assam laksa. As we walked back to the hotel, I felt a sense of peace, with no urgency to rush home. It dawned on me that I was already at home, as home is where the heart is, and my heart is with this man walking alongside me.

In the same way, when we give our hearts to Jesus, the Holy Spirit comes to dwell within us, and His presence goes with us wherever we go. This means we are truly at home wherever we are! We often speak of someone who has died as "going home to be with the Lord," but in reality, the person was already at home with the Lord from the moment he believed in Jesus and accepted him as his Lord and Saviour. He is at peace, having been reconciled to God through Jesus Christ. No wonder Apostle Paul writes in Philippians 4:7, *'And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts, and your minds in Christ Jesus.'*

Yet this peace should not lead us to inactivity or passivity, even as we surrender control of our lives to

God. Instead, it should move us to acknowledge God's sovereignty and to live with gratitude for all that He has done for us.

So let us try to live as people who are at peace with our creator, not easily shaken by external circumstances, entrusting our life in His hands, confident that *'And we know that in all things, God works for the good of those who love Him, who have been called according to his purpose.'* [Romans 8:28]

May we *'Taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the one who takes refuge in him.'* [Psalm 34:8]

In His refuge,



Rencana Pengarang

Matahari sedang terbenam, dan orang ramai yang pulang dari kerja bergegas kembali ke rumah untuk makan malam bersama orang tersayang. Saya berada di Pulau Pinang, tempat kelahiran saya, melawat bersama suami. Ia merupakan salah satu percutian sekali-sekala di mana saya membenarkan diri menikmati semangkuk demi semangkuk sup kueh tiaw, mi udang dan asam laksa. Ketika kami berjalan pulang ke hotel, saya merasakan suatu kedamaian, tanpa sebarang desakan untuk segera pulang. Tiba-tiba saya sedar bahawa saya sebenarnya sudah pun berada di rumah, kerana rumah ialah di mana hati berada, dan hati saya bersama lelaki yang berjalan di sisi saya itu.

Demikian juga, apabila kita menyerahkan hati kita kepada Yesus, Roh Kudus datang diam di dalam kita, dan hadirat-Nya menyertai kita ke mana sahaja kita pergi. Ini bererti kita benar-benar berada di rumah di mana sahaja kita berada! Kita sering menyebut seseorang yang telah meninggal dunia sebagai "pulang ke rumah untuk bersama Tuhan," tetapi sebenarnya orang itu sudah pun berada di rumah bersama Tuhan sejak saat dia percaya kepada Yesus dan menerima-Nya sebagai Tuhan dan Juruselamatnya. Dia berada dalam damai, kerana telah diperdamaikan dengan Allah melalui Yesus Kristus. Tidak hairanlah Rasul Paulus menulis dalam Filipi 4:7, "Kesejahteraan daripada Allah yang tidak mungkin difahami oleh manusia, akan menjaga hati dan fikiran kamu, kerana kamu sudah bersatu dengan Kristus Yesus."

Namun, damai ini tidak seharusnya membawa kita kepada ketidakaktifan atau sikap pasif, walaupun kita menyerahkan kawalan hidup kita kepada Allah. Sebaliknya, ia seharusnya mendorong kita untuk mengakui kedaulatan Allah dan hidup dengan penuh kesyukuran atas segala yang telah Dia lakukan bagi kita. Oleh itu, marilah kita berusaha hidup sebagai orang yang berdamai dengan Pencipta kita, tidak mudah digoncangkan oleh keadaan sekeliling, menyerahkan hidup kita ke dalam tangan-Nya, dengan keyakinan bahawa "Kita tahu bahawa Allah mengendalikan segala hal sehingga menghasilkan yang baik bagi orang yang mengasihi Dia dan yang sudah dipanggil-Nya sesuai dengan rancangan-Nya." (Roma 8:28)

Semoga kita "Rasakanlah sendiri betapa baiknya TUHAN! Berbahagialah orang yang berlindung kepada-Nya! (Mazmur 34:9)

Di dalam perlindungan-Nya,



编者的话

夕阳西下，下班的人潮匆匆赶回家，与所爱的人共进晚餐。我当时在檳城——我的出生地，和丈夫一起游玩。这是那种偶尔的短假，我让自己尽情享受一碗接一碗的粿条汤、虾面和亚参叻沙。当我们走回酒店时，我感到一种平安，没有急着回家的紧迫感。我忽然意识到，自己已经身在家中，因为家就是心之所在，而我的心，正与身边这个同行的人在一起。

同样地，当我们把心交给耶稣，圣灵就来住在我们的里面，祂的同在无论我们去哪里都随着我们。这意味着无论身在何处，我们都是真正的在“家”中了！我们常说一个去世的人是“回天家与主同在”，但实际上，从那人相信耶稣、接受祂作救主的那一刻起，他就已经与主同在家里了。他藉着耶稣基督与神和好，因此得享平安。难怪使徒保罗在腓立比书 4:7 写道：“神所赐出人意外的平安，必在基督耶稣里保守你们的心怀意念。”

然而，这平安不应使我们变得消极或被动，即使我们将生命的主权交给神。相反，它应当推动我们承

认神的掌权，并怀着感恩的心，为祂为我们所做的一切而活。

所以，让我们努力活得像与造物主和好的人，不被外在环境轻易动摇，将生命交托在祂手中，深信“我们晓得万事都互相效力，叫爱神的人得益处，就是按祂旨意被召的人”（罗马书 8:28）。

愿我们“尝尝主恩的滋味，便知道祂是美善；投靠祂的人有福了”（诗篇 34:8）。

在祂的庇护中，



Remembering Peter Hii Huong Ying

Peter Hii began attending the Chinese services at Trinity Church in July 2002. During his time in the Youth Fellowship, he met and fell in love with his wife, Ivy Wee. They later built a family in the Lord, establishing a blessed household. Since then, the couple has walked together in unity, faithfully serving first in the Youth Fellowship and later in the Adult Fellowship, where they have continued to actively participate in various church ministries.

In 2017, he joined the Chinese Service Committee, contributing to the ministries of Christian Literature, Missions, and Christian Education. During this period, he also served as a teacher in Children's Sunday School. He affectionately called himself "Master Hii" and told Bible stories in a vivid way that endeared him to the children.

Brother Peter was a man of genuine humility, sincere and witty in his interactions with others, and earnest in his devotion to God's Word, always holding it in reverence.

He rested in the Lord on January 1, 2026.

He once said that the maturity of a spiritual life lies in intentional learning, experience, and commitment. From the beginning of his faith to the end of his earthly journey, he knew clearly whom he had believed in, and he was convinced that God could guard what he had entrusted to Him until that day.

Though his service has ceased, his testimony continues;
Though his voice has fallen silent, his life still speaks.



Rev. Belinda Lee

The following are tributes from Peter's wife and his children.

Dear Peter, I am looking forward to our next meeting!

"Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest." [Matthew 11:28]

January 1, 2026 — God called His faithful servant, Brother Peter Hii Huong Ying, home to heaven. God said that he could now lay down all his earthly toils and return home in peace.

Brother Peter was truly a "ren" (仁, a person of benevolence). In my heart, he had always been that good "ren." It wasn't until his memorial service that I realised that it wasn't just me; many others remembered him the same way in their hearts.

He was a good Christian, deeply in love with our Heavenly Father. He always made time for prayer and Bible reading, living out God's word in his daily life and actions.

He was a good husband. Throughout our 20 years of marriage, he showed me that I was the only woman he ever truly loved. He devoted all his heart to ensuring that I, as his wife, was often joyful, cherished, and cared for.

He was a good father. He cared for our children's daily needs, prospects, and their physical, mental, and spiritual growth.

He was also a good, filial son. No matter how busy he was, he insisted on a weekly WhatsApp call with his elderly mother every Sunday, simply because he didn't want her to feel neglected.

He was a good brother in Christ. In church, whether with pastors, leaders, or brothers and sisters of all ages, he could walk alongside others in love and mutual care. His funeral showed this — those who came included both the elderly and the young.

He was a responsible and good employee. Every colleague and coworker who came to pay their respects spoke highly of his work ethic during his lifetime.

From January 1, 2026, I must also accept a new identity — widow, single mother.

At the start of the new year, both schools and companies require us to update our personal data. For the first time, in the marital status column, I filled in "Widowed/Balu". At that moment, I truly realised that Peter's passing was not just a farewell. From that day on, many small yet real changes in my life began to unfold, one by one.

After Peter's sudden departure, the children and I asked the same question: God, why? Why did such a good "ren" fall and never rise again? The Bible records so many miracles of resurrection — why didn't we see the miracle we prayed for with full confidence when my son and I were in the ambulance?

At that time, we felt that God did not hear our prayers, did not answer as we wanted, and even wondered whether God had deceived us.

It was only as we gradually calmed down and more and more familiar faces from TMC (Trinity Methodist Church) — pastors, preachers, close brothers and sisters — appeared before us one by one that we slowly began to accept the fact that Peter had left us.

It was at that moment that I suddenly understood that God did hear our prayers — He was telling us in His own way that He has always been here.

Peter's departure was God's mercy toward him — a covenant between God and him—a promise God made—a mystery we, as limited humans, cannot fully comprehend. God took him in the most painless way. For Peter, isn't this blessed good news?

In truth, our reluctance to let him go stems largely from our own selfishness. As a happy wife, I had grown accustomed to his care and devotion. He willingly and cheerfully took on more than 80% of the household chores — refuelling the car, driving the children to and

from school, helping with tutoring, taking them to youth group, and handling the grocery and household shopping.

His absence feels unfamiliar, so I didn't want to let go. I prayed desperately for God to heal him. Yet, God was waiting on the other side — waiting for us to learn to let go, to let Him take control, because He knows that now, more than ever, we need to rely completely on Him. God knows how much we can bear. Our struggles, He knows them all. So even in hardship, we must hold firm — God has never forgotten us.

At his father's funeral, my son said something that deeply shook me. He said: "If it were me who left today, my living father would never doubt the God he believed in for so many years — that He would take his son away without reason. God acts this way surely with His own good purpose. So, I will use Dad's spiritual life to affirm the God that both Dad and I hold onto."

It turns out God has already been doing wondrous things in the lives of my children and me.

When I truly understood that all of this is God's good purpose, my heart found peace. Peter lived 49 years on earth, and devoted 23 of those years to accompanying and loving me wholeheartedly. In truth, I gained more than I lost.

From now on, I will transform my longing for Peter into the strength to move forward, continuing to live out the gentle, faithful, and kind character of the good "ren" he exemplified in his lifetime.

Your loving wife,

Wee Yeng Ping (Ivy)

— Dad, My Forever Role Model —

My dad was an extremely responsible person. He was filial to his parents, deeply loved his wife, and was a nearly perfect husband and father.

In him, I saw the figure of Jesus—he spent his life teaching us how to serve those younger and weaker than ourselves, just as Jesus served his disciples; he also taught us how to live a life pleasing to the Lord Jesus.

Dad once advised me: "Don't push yourself too hard in class; you're not a superhero." Dad, I also want to say: you're not a superhero either. Why did you always push yourself so hard? Every single thing at home was done to perfection, even the day you returned to your heavenly home on January 1, 2026. It was arranged so perfectly. Dad was so responsible that he had completed his earthly mission ahead of schedule to the embrace of our Heavenly Father for a good rest.

One day, I opened Dad's Shopee account, wanting to see his shopping cart. I found a transaction that made me want to cry and laugh at the same time: Dad really liked playing Pickleball, yet he had requested a refund for a paddle he had already paid for. I clicked in and saw that he had taken the paddle for an X-ray, and it was found to be missing a layer of film. He probably thought that without that layer, he couldn't beat Uncle Johnny or Uncle Charles. That was Dad—pursuing perfection in everything, and being extremely serious and responsible.

I remember the last thing Dad said to me was: "I'm very tired, I want to rest." Who knew he would then rest in the Lord's embrace just like that? I carry many regrets in my heart. That day, after not seeing Dad for so long, why didn't I talk to him properly? Why didn't I hug him more, say "I love you" one more time? But I am also grateful that at least when I saw Dad for the last time, he was content, happy, and with the family.

On the day I finished my SPM exams last year, Dad drove me home and said to me, "Lele, can you give Dad a chance? Dad wants to make up for the lack of companionship when you were little." I didn't really take it in at the time, thinking: "I'll have a good chat when I graduate from university, get married, start a family, or when Dad retires." But I truly regret it. Dad loved me so much, yet the number of times I said "I love you" to him was pitifully few. Dad, please forgive me.

In the ambulance, Mom and I prayed desperately. I said to our Heavenly Father, "If you can perform a miracle, let Dad wake up. I am willing to offer myself to go to the most dangerous places, only please save my dad." But God did not let my dad wake up. At that moment, I began to doubt: Heavenly Father, do you really hear prayers? Dad loved you so much. I couldn't understand.

Later, a good friend of Dad's, an uncle from church, said to me: When going through something like this, we will

definitely face the challenges and temptations from the devil, Satan. That whole night, I thought and struggled, but I couldn't understand "why." I tried to see it from Dad's perspective—if it were me leaving today, would I want my children and wife to doubt their faith because of my departure? Or would I hope that even through pain, they would still firmly choose Jesus Christ? I believe this is what Dad hoped to see. He spent his life teaching me how to love and how to serve. And I, too, must be strong in faith, living out what he taught me.

So now I want to say, Dad, I've grown up. I will take care of Mom. Although I can't be as great as you were, I will do my best to live well and to love well.

Mom, from now on, let's go on together, live well, and walk the path of faith well.

Written by: Son, Jasper Hii Kay Lok

Dad Has Not Really Left us!

I used to feel that Dad was the least useful person in this family. He was always sitting on the sofa, writing his articles, seemingly not truly participating in the running of the home. Until the day he went to Korea for a short-term mission trip, I had never realised that Dad was actually the most important person and played the biggest part in this family.

He always quietly completed every task, without us noticing. It was only after Dad was away on a trip that I realised that the cat's litter box does not clean itself, the trash bin is not always empty, or the house door locks itself every night. and that not just anyone is always available to pick me up from school. We often overlook those who contributed to the small things, taking them for granted. Every little contribution in the family should be appreciated.

Dad did these things because he loved us and never expected anything in return. Sometimes serious, sometimes humorous, he never praises his own efforts. But we shouldn't take all this as "should." Compared to our parents' love, I feel so insignificant and so far from matching all they have given us.

After Dad's passing, I began to doubt God's existence. Just like in my brother's sharing at the funeral, I constantly wished that this was all just a dream, hoping for a miracle to happen. During the days leading up to the funeral, I heard Mom reopen her wounds again and again, repeatedly describing the scene of Dad's passing. How I wished the stack of condolence money we received could be exchanged for my father, and we could bargain with God to give Dad back to us.

But it was no use.

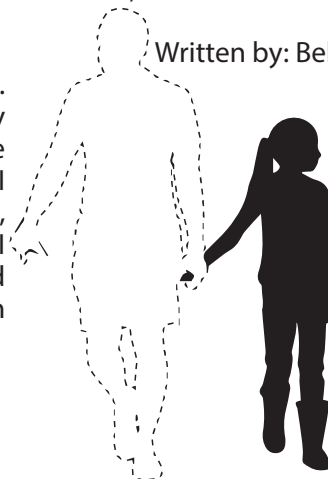
My heart was filled with resentment—resentment towards God for why He took my father, why He took His most devoted servant, and why He was in such a hurry to take my father away. My heart was full of bitterness and confusion.

My brother's words during the funeral service jolted me up: Dad would absolutely not want us to doubt the Lord he relied on and believed in all his life because of his departure. In the future, he would certainly hope we could reunite with him in our heavenly home.

Looking back, I can see that God had already made full preparations for Dad's departure—letting him see Grandma and the aunt's family in Sibul, and also allowing my brother from West Malaysia to reunite with him. God had also prepared a scholarship for my brother, enabling him to complete his studies successfully; He also left a source of comfort for Mom—my little sister. So, everything has already been arranged by God.

Dad has not really left us. He will always be here—in our hearts, and in heaven accompanying us. He never left us.

Written by: Beloved Daughter, Bernice Hii Kai Xin





I always thought there was plenty of time, enough to grow up slowly, and then slowly learn to love you well. But you left first. The day you left, we had just played basketball together. You already had no strength to shoot, but you still passed me the ball and said, "Nice." Those words became a sound in my heart I can never return to.

After you left, I felt endless fear. I thought, in the future, it seems there will be no one to pick me up from school for lunch, to eat what I want, no one to cook Western food for me, no one to urge me to do chores, no one to play ball with me in weird ways (using a ping pong paddle to play badminton), no one to walk with me when I'm in a bad mood, no one to take me to the doctor when I'm sick, no one to love me so much anymore.

Dad loved me the most; his love wasn't in words but in actions. I don't know how long I need to wait before returning to the heavenly home and meeting Dad again. I feel lost about the future, but I'm also grateful to God for taking Dad in this way—at least without pain—and thankful that God allowed us to be sensible enough to help Mom. Although Dad is gone, Mom is also my most indispensable person.

Dad, your face, your voice will forever be imprinted in my heart.

Dad, I want to tell you:

"Dad, I love you. You held up this home for us. I will always remember.

Dad, you looked very handsome playing ball, the handsomest.

Dad, I will study hard so I don't let you down.

Dad, I will take good care of Mom.

Dad, the shoes you loved most, when I earn money, I'll buy you lots.

Dad, the Pickleball paddles you liked, I'll buy you lots, whatever kind you want, I'll buy.

But why didn't you wait for me to grow up? To see me graduate from high school, from university. I still wanted you to lead me into the marriage hall, to see me in my wedding dress, happy and blessed!"

That day you collapsed on the ground, I could do nothing, could only stand there dumbly. How I wished it wasn't you who fell, how I wished I had just heard wrong. On the way to the hospital, I didn't dare cry. I believed God would save you. I had faith in God. But when I saw that green sign, I thought you had been revived. Walking in, I only saw a white cloth covering a person. **It was you.** At that moment, I broke down.

When I got close to you, I seemed to see your tears, yet also saw the peaceful contentment on your face. Perhaps this was a relief for you.

To this day, I still struggle to let go. Whenever I see other children holding their dad's hand, shopping, chatting, eating together with their dad, I'm envious!

The big tree I leaned on has fallen, but I believe I will meet my big tree again one day. Dad! You were very tired, right?

Then rest well!

Written by: Beloved Daughter, Glynis Hii Kai Qin

When God Met Me in My Moment of Fear: My Testimony

On November 6, 2025, after the prayer meeting, I went home and changed into my pyjamas. While doing so, I noticed a blood stain on my bra. I checked around my breast for any open wounds but found none. When I gently pressed my nipple, I was shocked to see blood oozing out.

That night, I could hardly sleep.

I consulted two friends who had experienced breast problems to seek advice on which doctor I should see. Eventually, I went to Timberland Medical Centre, where I underwent a mammogram and ultrasound. The report suggested short-interval follow-up due to a small lesion measuring 0.2 × 0.3 cm. The bleeding would come and go. Although I tried to remain calm, I did not have full peace. I struggled over which surgeon to choose and when I should proceed with surgery.

Just before Christmas, I shared my situation with my own sister. She was very concerned and encouraged me to speak to two sisters in Christ who had also gone through breast issues. I discovered that one of them had the same symptom as mine — and hers had been cancerous. She went through a biopsy, microdochectomy, and eventually mastectomy in 2004.

Both sisters strongly recommended Prof. Dr Yip, describing her as highly skilled, efficient, and compassionate. Hearing their stories made me more anxious about my own condition, yet I also became more certain that I should not delay any further.

I contacted Picaso Hospital and requested an appointment on 6/1/26. Within a few hours, I received a positive reply. I was surprised — for such a renowned surgeon, securing an appointment within two weeks was remarkable. I took it as God's confirmation that I should see Dr Yip, rather than a surgeon in Kuching or Penang, where my youngest daughter works.

On 6/1/26, I flew to Kuala Lumpur. Another ultrasound was done, and Dr Yip scheduled surgery for the very next day.

Over the past year, I have undergone several procedures:

- Parotidectomy (15/1/25 & 13/2/25)
- Another operation for a lesion on my forehead
- Removal of a broken wisdom tooth root hidden in my jawbone

Now, less than a year later, I was once again facing general anaesthesia.

I prayed, "Lord, I have gone through so many health challenges. Please help me face this with peace and courage."

I was deeply thankful for the many devoted sisters who prayed and walked with me through this journey.

On 7/1/26, I was admitted, and an operation was scheduled in the afternoon.

This time, the Lord gave me another song — "I Surrender All." For the previous parotidectomy operation, the Lord comforted me with 'My God is an awesome God.'

Though I could not remember every verse, I kept singing the chorus quietly in my heart.

The anaesthetist and nurses were gentle and kind. The OT was cold, but they covered me with extra blankets, even a heated one, and warm air through a pipe. I felt deeply comforted, cared for, and at ease.

After about an hour, I was out of the OT.

I was discharged the next day, and Dr Yip asked me to return in a week for review.

However, two days later, the first report arrived stating that there was no cancer, but further tests were recommended. Two days after that, the final report confirmed it:

No cancer — only intraductal papilloma.

Dr Yip had predicted this even before the surgery. On top of that, she personally messaged me on a Sunday when the histopathology report came out. Her dedication and excellence truly amazed me.

Praise God. Hallelujah.

I am also very grateful to a dear couple from my university days who opened their home to me and cared for me throughout my stay in KL.

Another person I am grateful to is my son-in-law, who took good care of me, including carrying my luggage.

Thank you so much, pastors, friends and family members, for praying and caring.

Through this entire journey, I have clearly seen the mercy, faithfulness, and grace of God.

All glory be to God.

This incident in my life was not easy for me. I thank God for a sermon that I listened to during the struggle. When life becomes overwhelming, God does not call us to fight harder but to trust deeper and surrender to Him because the battle belongs to the Lord. When we work, we work. When we pray and worship, God works. This reminds us that our God is with us and for us all the time. Surrender all and trust God to work out everything for our good. Accept any outcome because God knows what is best for us.

Hii Kwong Ing

Shan Mission Trip – Stillness in the Storm

After seven years, God opened the way for us to return to Shan for a short-term mission trip. My last trip to Shan was in 2018, when I was still a youth. I never imagined that years later, I would return, not as a participant, but as a pastor leading a team. This was my first mission team as a pastor, and I went expecting to serve. Instead, I returned, realising how deeply God was shaping my heart and carrying me through storms as I led eleven others on this 8-day, 7-night journey.

Before the Trip: Expectations & Doubts

Because I had been to Shan before, I initially felt confident. I was familiar with the place, the people, and the flow of ministry. When Sis Florence visited Kuching and shared about the Shan ministry, I expected many youths, especially from both English and Chinese congregations, to join. At one point, I even anticipated a team of 24, imagining how many young people could experience God through this trip.

But reality turned out very different. Our travel dates fell right in the middle of their exam week. One by one, youths and university students had to pull out. At one point, I even wondered if anyone would go at all. But God still provided a team of 12, consisting of 6 youths, 5 adults and me. It was not the large team I imagined, but it was the team God had chosen. God reminded me to be faithful with whoever God gives. Lead them well.

As the date approached, doubts began to creep in.

- Was the itinerary clear?
- Did I coordinate enough with the Shan team?
- Would there be unexpected issues I could not handle?

Despite all these questions, God kept prompting me to surrender. Little did I know that this prayer would carry me through the storms ahead.

Devotion: Elijah's Storms & God's Whisper

Our very first devotion was from 1 Kings 19. Elijah had just won a huge victory over the prophets of Baal, yet he ran into the wilderness in fear and discouragement. God cared for him, fed him, restored him, and finally spoke to him, not through the wind, earthquake, or fire, but through a gentle whisper.

The devotion encouraged us to recognise the storms we might face and, more importantly, to learn to listen for God's voice through them. At the time, I thought, "We know what to expect. Maybe we will not face many storms." I could not have been more wrong.

Storm #1: Travel Complications

Before we even set foot in Shan, storms hit. Due to scheduling conflicts, we had to split into two groups

travelling on different days, which is something new for all of us. On top of that, one member encountered a serious flight complication on the day of departure. I was shocked. That moment felt like the first "strong wind" of our Elijah moment.

All I could do was pray: "Lord, You have called this team. Bring us through."

By God's grace, the member managed to get everything sorted and arrived safely in Chiang Mai. Only then did my heart finally settle. I joked with the team later, "Your faith is big, but my heart needs to be bigger!" It broke the tension and reminded us that God truly goes before us.

Storm #2: Uncertainty & Waiting

When nine of us arrived at Lak Taeng, we were immediately sent out to go carolling with the Singapore team. We were tired after the journey, but we followed. Over the next two days, most of the ministry work was led by the Singapore team, so our team often waited around with little direction. Many wondered what we were supposed to do.

Looking back, I believe God allowed those moments to slow us down and prepare us, just as He prepared Elijah with food and rest before the next assignment. Sometimes storms come in the form of stillness and uncertainty.

Once the Singapore team left and our remaining teammates arrived, everything shifted. The real work began.

Storm #3: Our First Self-Led Outreach

Now the responsibility fell fully on us. We had to prepare songs, a skit, dance items, and coordinate logistics for the night outreach. It was the first time this team conducted an entire outreach, and many confessed they were nervous.

But when the time came, God helped us work together beautifully. Even with language barriers, we learned to communicate through body language, expressions, and simple actions. The outreach went well, and we experienced what it meant to rely on God beyond our comfort zone.

Storm #4: Refugee School Camp – Our Greatest Challenge

Our biggest challenge came during the refugee school camp, which housed about 300 children. We were tasked with running eight English-learning stations: Distance, Texture, Food, Gospel, Temperature, Direction, Action, and Speed (Arts).

The storms here came in three forms:

1. **Exhaustion** – 300 energetic children moving from station to station created overwhelming chaos, and we struggled to control the flow.
2. **Language Barriers** – the children struggled to understand English pronunciation.
3. **Unpredictable Schedules** – due to limited manpower, the local team was stretched thin. The program changed constantly, where sessions were shortened, extended, or rearranged without warning.

We were stretched to our limits. Yet at the end of the day, something happened that made every hardship worth it. The school surprised us: they prepared a song for us, and Christian students prayed for our team in front of the whole school. Many of us were deeply moved. It was their way of saying, "Thank you. God bless you."

In that simple gesture, I heard the gentle whisper of God again, just like He spoke to Elijah after the storm.

Two Lessons God Taught Me

There are countless other moments that I cannot fully put into words, but I want to summarise this whole trip into two key lessons that God has taught me.

1. Never underestimate who God can use.

At times, I doubted whether certain people could handle certain roles. But each time, they completed the task well. God showed me that He equips those He calls, and I needed to repent of my unbelief and learn to empower others rather than limit them.

2. Learn to be still and listen to God in the storm.

Storms did not end after the mission trip. Life went on with heavy schedules, tough decisions, and new challenges to my faith. But now I know that I can always return to my Father, to rest in His presence and listen to His still, small voice. He is the Lord over every storm, and He invites me to fix my eyes on Him, not on the chaos around me.

I was also deeply encouraged during the trip when Pastor C's wife, Pastor P. Teng, prepared some hand-drawn Bible verse cards and distributed them at random. The card I received was exactly the word I needed. As I looked at it, I felt God speaking directly into my situation, reminding me that the very thing I was worried about was already in His hands. It was a gentle but powerful confirmation that God was indeed speaking through the storm.

Blessed More Than We Blessed Others

We often think mission trips are about blessing others. But this time, the Shan believers blessed us far more. Their

outward-looking ministry: helping the sick, supporting grieving families, and fixing a neighbour's bike, showing us what it means to live missionally like Jesus.

Throughout the week, we reached 1,179 people. Mentioning this number is not to boast, but to remind ourselves that our actions truly impact lives. This is why Jesus commands us in Matthew 28 to make disciples of all nations.

A Trip That Marked All of Us

There are still many more stories I could share, but they would not all fit into this testimony. What I can say is that this mission trip has impacted me deeply, and I believe it has touched every member of our team. We rejoice that two of our youths have confirmed their calling from the Lord through this trip. For many others, this was their first short-term mission, and Shan was their first mission field. Several have already expressed their desire to return to Shan or to explore more mission opportunities in the near future.

I truly believe that God has done a work in all twelve of us. And as He has used us on this mission trip, we pray that He will continue to use us for His glory in the days ahead.

Gratitude

With that, I want to thank the church for supporting us and making this mission trip possible. I also want to express my gratitude for the opportunity, as a young pastor, to lead a mission team personally. It was truly eye-opening, and I pray for many more opportunities to serve the Lord through missions.

To all our readers, church members, friends, and family, thank you for your prayers and support. May we continue to carry God's heart for the nations, both near and far.

"And surely I am with you always, to the very end of the age."
– Matthew 28:20

May Jesus be glorified always.

Pastor Raymond Law



Hand-drawn bible card that spoke to me



2025 v 2018 Same location, different size



At the highest point of the mountain (Lak Taeng)



Photo with the Local Team at Lak Taeng Church



At the refugee school camp.



In our costumes ready for the skit.

Shan Mission Trip: *Serving in* **Unity**



Praise the Lord. With a grateful and humble heart, I would like to share my testimony from the Shan Mission Trip to Chiang Mai, Thailand, from December 12 to 19, 2025.

First of all, I want to thank God for His amazing grace and faithfulness over my wife and me during our journey. We travelled from Kuching to Kuala Lumpur, to Chiang Mai, and back again, on MyIDTravel {standby tickets}. Humanly speaking, there was uncertainty—but God went ahead of us. Every flight was provided, and every connection was smooth. This reminded me that when God calls us, He will surely make a way.

The Bible reminds us in Proverbs 16:9: “In their hearts humans plan their course, but the Lord establishes their steps.”

Secondly, I thank God for the privilege of joining the young mission team for the first time. Being with them deeply touched my heart. I witnessed their love, unity, and passion for God’s work. Their willingness to serve joyfully renewed my own spirit.

As the Word of God says in 1 Timothy 4:12: “Don’t let anyone look down on you because you are young, but set an example for the believers in speech, in conduct, in love, in faith and in purity.”

Thirdly, I thank God for the beautiful teamwork we experienced. Every day, we prepared logistics, set up programs, and served together—not as individuals, but as one body in Christ. There was no complaint, only willing hearts. I truly witnessed how God works powerfully when His people serve in unity.

I also want to thank God for His kindness in giving us good weather, especially during our night ministries. On 12 December 2025, we went carolling and distributed Christmas gifts to 77 families in Lak Taeng. On 17 December 2025, we reached out to 20 families at the border refugee camp. As we sang, shared, and gave gifts, I could see joy and hope in their faces. It was a powerful reminder that the love of Christ shines brightest in the simplest moments.

I thank God as well for the three nights of outreach:

- On 13 December (night), we reached 247 adults and children.
- On 14 December (morning), 127 people gathered.
- On 14 December (night), another 70 people came.

These numbers represent real people—real lives—whom God loves deeply. I was moved to see hearts opened and lives touched by the Gospel.

I am especially thankful to God for the opportunity to conduct an English Camp at Lak Taeng School. I thank God for the Principal, who welcomed us warmly. A total of 274 students and 21 teachers participated. Through lessons and practical activities, we not only taught English—we built bridges of love, trust, and hope. One of the most touching moments for me was witnessing a couple being baptised. Seeing their public declaration of faith reminded me of why missions matter. It was a moment of joy, tears, and thanksgiving, as we saw God’s saving work with our own eyes.

I thank God for our daily devotions at 6:00 a.m. and the times of sharing and prayer every night. These were sacred moments. We laughed together, cried together, prayed together, and laid everything before the Lord. God knitted our hearts together and strengthened us spiritually each day.

From my heart, I want to thank my Young Pastor, Raymond Law, for his faithful and loving leadership throughout this mission trip. His guidance, humility, and servant heart set a powerful example for all of us.

Lastly, I want to express my deepest gratitude to my church, Trinity Methodist Church, for sending us and for supporting this mission trip to Shan Mission in Chiang Mai, Thailand. Thank you for your prayers, encouragement, and trust. We went as your representatives, and we truly felt your support every step of the way.

I return from this mission trip changed, humbled, and deeply thankful.

All glory, honour, and praise be to God alone.

Amen.

Richard Labung Ganang

Strength in Unity: Shan Mission Trip to Chiang Mai, 12 Dec - 19 Dec 2025



Before the trip, I was anxious as a first-timer, thinking about the language barrier and the weather, since I am not a fan of the cold. Coincidentally, our devotional series at the time was about “storms”. To me, the storms started right on the first day when Richard and I had to wait for our standby ticket from KL to Chiang Mai. I was indeed anxious about that - what if we could not get the flight ticket? We prayed, asking God to open ways for us. I remembered God’s words in Ps 55:22 “Cast your cares on the Lord, and He will sustain you”. Unknown to us at the time, the team also prayed. After some time, we got our boarding passes.

Praise God! The Lord has said, ‘Therefore I tell you, whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you have received it, and it will be yours.’ (Mark 11:24)

Finally, I felt relief. We had a good flight and landed safely at Chiang Mai Airport.

After a brief introduction by the staff who had waited for our arrival, we went on our way to the mountain. Upon reaching Lak Taeng, we were welcomed by sister Florence and others.

The carolling started right after dinner. We went around Lak Taeng. Doors were opened to receive us. The weather was fine too. Later in our devotion, we shared the joy of sharing the birth of Jesus with the Shan people. The language barrier I had thought was solved earlier was resolved when the pastor’s wife narrated the Christmas story while we chipped in with the performance. Another

doubt cleared. I also praise God for giving me the strength to walk up and down hills. I did not feel tired; rather, I enjoyed every moment of it.

Throughout the week, our team experienced the joy of working together preparing logistics, practising skits, dance, and songs, even at the last minute’s notice. How wonderful to serve in unity. It is indeed an eye-opener to see how God works in the young people. Their laughter, energy, willingness to serve and most of all, caring for each other’s needs in all circumstances—glory to God.

Indeed, through God’s guidance, humility, and servant heart, He sets before us a holy example. Day by day, He knits our hearts together and strengthens us spiritually.

I also thank God for the open opportunity to conduct an English camp at Lak Taeng school. Through skits, practical activities, and songs, we taught English. It was a great joy to present the different types of food at the food stations. We no longer thought about the language barrier. The students had a wonderful time tasting too, especially when sister Florence said “s--w--e--e--t” and everyone laughed. As I reflect on our lives, we are also going through salty, spicy, sour, and sweet moments. However, we have to brace ourselves to overcome the storms and trust in the Lord. It was indeed heartwarming to see eager faces participating in the activities.

May the love of Christ shine through the songs and gifts. The skit “Gate to Heaven” was well received by locals in the outreach areas. May they seek the truth in Christ. During one of our presentations, I was touched by a small girl who danced happily with us when we sang “Apa khabar.” I pray that this little girl will be blessed in all her endeavours in the future.

Acting the role of Mary with baby Jesus while carolling at the refugee camp was really a surprise for me. It was unplanned, but it reminded me of my school days when I also played the part. Ariana even joked with me about having a baby at my old age. I believe that many hearts were touched during the carolling. Thanks to the pastor’s wife and sister Florence, who narrated the Christmas story.

My heartfelt thanks to the team for their assistance and concern for Richard and me. Special thanks to Pastor Raymond for his faithful, servant-centred leadership and his compassion and concern for all of us. Not forgetting to say a big thank you to sister Florence for her guidance and hospitality during our stay at Lak Taeng. God bless you.

To sum up, I hope more youths would come forward and make an effort for missions, not only in Shan but also in other places. May TMC continue to support missions to Shan in the years ahead. Amen

Alice Tan

Trust and Obey: A Mission Journey Across Generations.

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding." [Proverb 3: 5-6]

I joined an eight-day mission trip to Lak Taeng, Thailand, serving among the Shan villages with a team made up mostly of young adults. At my age, stepping into this mission requires an act of trust. I was wondering whether my age, physical limitations, language barriers, or unfamiliarity with certain activities might become a hindrance. Still, God gently reminded me that obedience has no age limit—only a willing heart.

During our time in the village, obedience became very essential. It meant showing up each day ready to serve, praying even when I felt inadequate and loving people through simple actions. I learned that obedience is not about confidence or capability but availability.

The Shan villages we served are communities where more than 95% of the people follow Buddhism or other faiths, and most have never heard the gospel of Jesus Christ. We did not go to change the people by our own efforts, but to serve faithfully and bear witness to God's grace through our presence.

Throughout the mission, trust was expressed through obedience in many practical ways. One evening, we went carolling in the village, sharing the message of Christ through simple songs and acting. On another night, we carolled at a refugee camp on the border. Walking into the camp after dark was unfamiliar and unsettling, but it became a profound experience of trusting God's protection and presence. As we sang with simple actions, I sensed that God was bringing comfort and hope to the people living in uncertainty.

Over the course of the mission, we conducted four outreach visits to villages. Each visit called for readiness and faithfulness - listening, praying and serving without expectations. I learned that obedience is often quiet and consistent, rather than dramatic, and that God works powerfully through simple acts of love. God reminded me that we are called to plant seeds; He is the one who brings growth.

One day was spent teaching simple English at a local primary school. What seemed like a small contribution became a meaningful connection with the children through our encouragement, laughter, and care. God reminded us that He can use whatever we offer, no matter how ordinary it may seem.

Serving alongside young adults was a great encouragement to me. Their energy, passion, laughter and willingness to step out in faith strengthened my own trust in God. At the same time, I was reminded that following Jesus is a lifelong journey - one that does not end or slow down with age, but continues to deepen.

My prayer is that, whether we are young or old, we will not wait for that "right time" to obey God and do His will, but will trust Him, step out in faith, and be ready wherever He calls and sends us.

Alan Bong



**Photos of Alan with the local Shan children during the ministry outreach.*



Shan Mission Trip: Surrendering ourselves for **His** ministry.

Chiang Mai, Thailand 12-19 December 2025

Before this trip, I often felt I was not ready to serve. I have always thought that I am not prepared, not qualified, and I do not know enough about life. But during the mission trip, God gently changed my thinking. I realised we do not need higher education or to know every detail of the Bible before we serve, although knowledge is important. What matters most is being willing to share love, just as God has loved us.

I joined the mission to the Shan village in Chiang Mai, Thailand, where we served together with the Shan community and their local team. I was deeply touched by their humble spirit and their “no-complain” attitude. They quietly obey God and serve faithfully, even with very limited resources. Through them, I saw what it truly means to be humble and to obey.

Serving with the team taught me to follow God’s leading and to adapt when plans changed suddenly. There were uncertain moments, but instead of trying to control everything, I learned to trust and obey.

We also met many refugees who have not yet believed in Jesus Christ. Many of them live in very poor conditions, and some have disabilities, yet they continue to fight for their families for a better life. Their strength and perseverance reminded me of how blessed we are, and how often we forget to appreciate it.



Serene teaching and leading games with the local team at one of the English Camp stations.

This trip reminded me that missions is not about what I can do, but about what God is already doing, and how He invites us to join Him. When we show up and serve together, God works in quiet yet powerful ways.

I believe every Christian should experience serving in missions at least once. Do not let fear or your own mindset stop you. We are called to serve and love, just as Jesus did. I pray that I will grow more disciplined and continue to equip myself for future mission trips, so that God can use me again, in His time and His way.

With a thankful heart, I give all glory to God. May He continue to use us to serve and love others.

Serene Chong



English Camp participants in Lak Taeng School.



Serene, acting as a soldier from heaven in the skit.

Encountering God at Shan Mission Trip, 2025

This is my fourth trip to Shan. As I was counting, I realised that my first mission trip to Shan was in 2015, ten years ago. It was my very first overseas mission experience. As I reflected on this journey, I found myself asking what has encouraged me to keep coming back.

I then realised that Shan holds a special place in my heart because of the Shan people - their genuineness, their deep desire for God, and their unwavering heart to see their own people come to know and seek the one true God. Each time I return to Shan, I encounter God in a different and personal way, as I am reminded that mission is not ultimately about what we can do, but about what God is already doing and graciously inviting us to be part of His work.

I am deeply thankful for the team God brought together for this trip. It was a beautiful intergenerational team, where elders and the younger generation served side by side in unity. I am grateful for how the elders willingly shared their experiences and wisdom, and for how the younger ones listened with humility and eagerness to learn. In turn, the younger members served with joyful hearts, always ready to help wherever needed, especially in moments that required physical strength.



TMC team with Sis Florence, Shan missionary

Beyond the work we did, God knitted our hearts together as one. We shared loud laughter and simple joys, but we also walked closely together, encouraging each other to grow spiritually. Through this team, I saw how God uses different generations, each with their own strengths, to build His body and glorify His name.

An encounter with the Lord

I believe that through our ministry together, during devotion times and our nightly debrief sessions, each of us witnessed how God was at work. We heard from one another how God spoke to us each day and how He carried us through our daily challenges. In light of this, I would like to share one personal encounter with the Lord and one thing I am deeply grateful for from the 2025 Shan

Mission Trip.

God spoke to me very clearly on this trip, not once, but twice. The year from 2024 to 2025 was an especially busy season for me, filled with constant juggling of work, studies, ministry, family, and many other responsibilities. In the midst of all this busyness, I had slowly forgotten what it meant to rest - to do nothing, to be still truly.

Going on a mission trip, I expected myself to be busy. Yet there were two unexpected moments, two short one-hour periods when we were given time to pause while logistical arrangements were made. At first, the stillness felt unfamiliar and uncomfortable. I felt uneasy, as though I needed to be doing something. Rest felt unproductive.

In that quiet discomfort, God gently spoke to my heart: "Come to Me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest" (Matthew 11:28). He invited me to be with Him simply and to rest in His arms, to enjoy what He has created, and to remain in His presence. Both times, His voice was clear and unmistakable.

I found myself confessing to God that I had been living like Martha, constantly serving, constantly rushing, while forgetting that I also needed to be Mary, simply sitting at His feet. I realised how long God had been waiting for me, while I kept hurrying past Him, always moving on to the next task.

As God gently removed the guilt, I began to rest and embrace those moments of stillness. I allowed myself to do nothing, and in doing so, I was unexpectedly and deeply refreshed. In resting with Him, my soul was recharged in a way that busyness never could.

This trip has once again shown me how our Almighty God works in His perfect timing and in His own ways. I witnessed how the local Shan team has risen to take ownership of the work, leading Christmas outreach efforts and serving faithfully in church ministry among their own people. The effort, sweat, and creativity they poured out were all driven by one deep desire: that those in the villages who have yet to know Christ may come to know the God who loves them unconditionally and who gave His life on the cross for their sins.



TMC team with some of the local Shan leaders.

What filled my heart with hope was seeing the younger generation of local leaders stepping forward with courage and responsibility. God has placed each of them in different roles and locations, equipping them to serve His purposes among their own people. One young man I first met seven or eight years ago is now a pastor, faithfully shepherding the local church and ministering to the youth. Witnessing his journey was a powerful reminder that God is faithful to complete the work that He began.

I am also thankful for the days we spent there, for the delicious local food, for the people we met, for the English school camp, the Christmas outreach, the carolling, and even for the sunsets God painted so beautifully for us. Truly, God was present in every step we took and every

work we did. Even when there were small hiccups along the way, His grace proved sufficient. Through it all, I was reminded that God is sovereign, that He holds all things under His control, and that our part is to trust and obey and faithfully join Him in His work.

I cannot thank God enough for His faithfulness and for the beautiful work He is doing in this land and among the Shan people whom He loves so dearly. As Scripture reminds us, *“Being confident of this, that He who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion until the day of Christ Jesus”* (Philippians 1:6).

Cindy Chow



Taking the moment to be in His presence and His creation.



Sunset view



The young team that brings the most laughter to the group.



This brother, whom I met 7-8 years ago, was a young boy in the Lak Taeng church; now he is a Pastor, preaching in the Chiangmai Church service where I attended. The local calls him Wu-Wu, and he is now ministering to the youths in the Church.

Trusting God in Uncertainty - Shan, Thailand

This mission trip began with uncertainty, and in many ways, that theme followed me throughout the journey. Even before we boarded the plane, some members of our group were travelling on standby tickets, meaning there was no guarantee they would be on the same flight as us. That uncertainty stirred my anxiety, but God surprised us by allowing us to meet them at our transfer flight. It felt like it was an early reminder that, although I could not see the outcome, God was already in control.

After a long journey, we arrived safely in Shan. The four-hour drive up was tiring, yet I was grateful to arrive without motion sickness. From the very beginning, it was clear that God's hand was evident in the way our team came together — He brought together people who just clicked and made the journey meaningful. We all got along incredibly well, and the trip quickly became one filled with laughter — or dare I even say, too much laughter and noise. That joy helped ease my nerves and reminded me that mission is not only about serving, but also about doing things together.

That first night, we joined the Singaporean team for carolling. I remember feeling nervous — wondering whether we would get along, whether the programmes would run smoothly, and whether I would fit in. Yet God replaced my anxiety with warmth, unity, and genuine connection. Through shared meals, late-night talks, and moments of chaos and fun, God built a community that supported one another.

As the days passed, I realised how much I relied on certainty and control. During the school camp, this became especially clear. I felt anxious about teaching the children — afraid I might not explain things clearly or that they wouldn't understand. Yet God met me in that fear. When the children later remembered what I had taught, I was reminded that ministry is not about my ability, but about God working through obedience. A young girl even came up to me and gave me a snack, a small act that deeply touched me. When the students prayed for us and sang a song of gratitude, I felt humbled and undeserving, yet deeply moved.

On Sunday, we attended a church service, performed our dance, and later witnessed a baptism. As we congratulated the woman who had just been baptised, she cried. Seeing her tears made me reflect on my own baptism. I did not cry then, but her response reminded me that God meets each person differently and that His work in a heart is deeply personal.

Later in the week, we visited a refugee camp near the Thailand–Myanmar border. Despite difficult living conditions, the refugees welcomed us with smiles. Their resilience and joy challenged my perspective and reminded me that faith and hope are not dependent on comfort or circumstances.

On our final night in Shan, one of the pastors gifted us a hand-painted card, and on mine, the verse 1 Peter 5:7 was written: "When your heart feels heavy, lay it all at His feet." That verse felt like a summary of my entire journey. Anxiety had followed me throughout the trip — yet God consistently showed His care through protection, reassurance, and the people He placed around me.

Even on our return journey, challenges continued. In Chiang Mai, we were accidentally dropped off at the wrong night bazaar and lost contact with some members of our group for several hours. We were exhausted and stressed, but once again, God watched over us and brought everyone back safely.

Looking back, I realise that this mission trip was not about everything going perfectly. It was about learning to trust God in the face of uncertainty. Through laughter, noise, fear, service, and unexpected moments of grace, God reminded me that He is faithful and present. This trip showed me that mission is not only about reaching others, but about how God gently shapes our hearts through community, trust, and obedience. I returned not with all my fears resolved, but with a deeper confidence that God is faithful in every season.

Ariana Sim

Shan Mission Trip: God is Faithful

Before I went on the Shan mission trip with the team, I could not confidently confirm that I would go because I was concerned about the upcoming exam period clashing with the trip. But deep in my heart, I really did want to go and experience it. At that time, I shared my concerns with people close to me, and they all mentioned the same thing: I needed to pray, and they would pray for me as well. They reminded me that God would prepare the path for me, and I just needed to follow Him

obediently. So, I prayed wholeheartedly about it. When the exam timetable was released, I was surprised to see that my final assessments were all scheduled for the first week, giving me the time to join the mission trip. I could not believe it was really happening. I confirmed with the pastor that I would join them. After that, it was time to buy the flight tickets. As the flights to go on the first day were sold out, a sign from God as well, I chose a flight on the third day instead.

While waiting to go, I received an invitation to go for an assessment from a recruiter for a future job. I had to score more than 60% to pass and get my offer letter. I spent half a day studying and then took the assessment. Thank God, I passed and received the offer letter.

Regarding the mission trip itself, I was worried and anxious. I did not know what I needed to do because I felt I was not fully prepared. I love planning things so I can stay on the right track. I even browsed the internet for details about Shan. Unfortunately, there was not much information available online. By the third day, I felt clueless and helpless. However, on the trip to Chiang Mai and then to Lak Taeng, I remained fully aware of my surroundings to ensure we reached our team safely. Thank God, we managed to meet up. On that same day, we worked with a team from Singapore. We saw how they decorated for the Christmas Outreach. I was grateful to see how they prepared, which helped me understand how I could fit into any role given to me. The performances by the Singapore and Shan missionary teams touched my heart. I truly hope the children and elders understood the message and accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

In the outreach, there was a skit about people with different types of worldly success: wealth, education, popularity, power, and kindness. These people were confident that their success would bring them to heaven, but their names were not in the Book of Life. It showed that only by accepting Jesus can we find the way to heaven. When the character of Jesus appeared, the people decided to throw away their worldly achievements to follow Him. They finally know that Jesus is the only way to eternal life. To me, this is the hardest part because it is not easy to give up what you have worked so hard for. It reminded me that I need to be more involved in God's kingdom and spread the Gospel to glorify His name. On the fourth day, the Singapore team left. We handled the Christmas Outreach in another location. Before going, we rehearsed our dance ("Go Tell It on the Mountain") and skit ("Jesus Was Born"). We also prepared for an English Camp for the Shan kids. Throughout the day, we followed the instructions given by the missionary team. Compared to the day before, I felt more confident just following what needed to be done. I believe this was a message from God: He was telling me to follow and do, without worrying, because everything was in His hands. On the fifth day, we started the English Camp at Lak Taeng school. The aim was to teach the kids English words and introduce Christianity after station games. I oversaw a station involving storytelling (The Hare and the Tortoise) and a DIY keychain craft. I worked with a missionary team member, Chai, who translated the story into Shan. We taught the kids adjectives for speed: "fast" and "slow." The difficulty was the language barrier. Even though Chai spoke some Mandarin, I found it hard to understand the Shan language as he shared the story. However, I remembered my responsibility, so I instinctively used acting and gestures to show what the hare and tortoise were doing so the students could follow the story.

After eight sessions, we moved to the assembly hall for performances. At the moment, I felt uncomfortable because the missionary team was changing the event flow on the spot, and the Malaysian team was unaware of the new plan. As someone who loves to plan, I had many doubts and felt their approach was ineffective. But a voice in my head told me to follow and be obedient. I realised this is the right way to do God's work. Once I had this mindset, I felt happy and enjoyed myself. I stopped focusing on the people and started focusing on God. That night, we had another Christmas Outreach. I learned that staying loyal to God and His plan can help you overcome difficulties when working with others. On the sixth day, we prepared for carolling at a refugee camp. In the morning, we distributed rice and daily supplies. Afterwards, Sister Florence took us to the border of Myanmar and Lak Taeng. She shared stories of how refugees escaped to Lak Taeng. It sounded impossible given the landmines and soldiers, and I was thankful to God that they managed to escape without severe injuries.

We separated into three carolling groups. When we reached the refugee camp, it was dark, and the road was uneven, so we walked carefully with torches. We went from house to house, singing and giving out supplies. Although it was tiring, it was meaningful. When I acted as Jesus in the drama, I saw happiness and appreciation on the refugees' faces. It was unbelievable to me; I expected them to be suffering, yet they smiled and waved goodbye. That takes a lot of positivity. I truly hope they accept Jesus as their Lord and saviour. Later, I received a card that said: "In our waiting, God is working." The message felt very deep and relevant to me. I summarised the day by realising God wants me to see the good in everything: the successful escape of the refugees and the support of the missionary team. On the seventh day, we travelled back to Chiang Mai, and on the eighth day, we reached Kuching, Malaysia, safe and sound. All thanks to God. From this Shan mission trip, I realised my faith was not deep enough. Growing up in Malaysia, where everything is available, makes us comfortable. Because of this, I was not prepared for unexpected challenges. God showed me my weaknesses and the way to serve Him: First, be faithful to God and His plan. Second, through God's love, we can work as a team despite challenges. Lastly, see things in a good way, just as God created the world and saw that it was good. If you have the chance to go on a Shan mission trip, it is the best time to find out who you really are and what God wants to tell you.

Stephen Ling

Shan Mission Trip:

Have Faith, Pray Always and Never Give Up

The decision to go to Shan was initially driven by curiosity about what actually happens on a mission trip, as I was quite involved in missions. A few months back, I signed up to “see see look look”. Months went by, and I returned for my studies, and a lot of things happened that drained me. As president of a Christian Fellowship society, I had to deal with a lot of small and big things, and some committee members didn't give their all to serve. Disappointment and frustration hit in. With the heavy workload in my studies, I began to question whether it was a good idea to take on the position of CF president. Am I capable of doing all of these again in Semester 2 with heavier workloads? Should I cut down the events for CF in Semester 2 and focus more on my studies? I needed a break badly.

I thank God that the semester break began soon after our biggest event of the year, the Christmas Party across 3 universities. I finally had the time to slow down and reorganise my mind. Even after a small talk with a senior who was close to our CF, I still did not have an answer. I prayed and committed all of these to God, bringing all the self-doubts to Shan.

During the 5-hour journey from Chiang Mai up to the mountain, Cindy asked the question: “What is your purpose of coming to this mission trip? Whatever it is, pray and commit yourself to God.” I quietened my heart, asked God to open it to feel His presence and, perhaps, to receive an answer to my prayer. Throughout the trip, I could see God's work and blessings in Shan. In this season of Christmas, I was amazed to see how God planted His seed, raising missionaries and the local team to spread His love and word. It was not easy to do the behind-the-scenes job with all the preparations and arrangements. I could not even imagine myself doing them for years and years, just as the local team does. It takes energy and patience to handle the large crowds of kids and adults during school camps, outreach, and carolling. Although the trip was only about a week long, I felt like my battery dropped to 10% each day. However, I felt only joy in my heart at the end of the day.

There was a night when we did carolling in the refugee camp. There were barely any streetlights, with rundown buildings, and we were near the border, but there was no fear in me. The stars in the sky felt like God guiding us through. The old lady who stood by her door, waiting for us, joined us in singing praises to God, with huge joy in her eyes. A little girl knelt as we were praying. I finally saw the purpose to serve here. To serve is to give our total obedience to His will and to do His works, bringing people closer to Him. I always had the idea that when we serve God, He is the only audience.

That night, after the carolling, the pastor's wife handed us cards she had drawn, each with a Bible verse. The

sequence of us taking the cards was based on our ages, and we chose the cards randomly. Somehow, she skipped some people and directly handed me a card with a determined gaze. “Always pray and never give up” was written on the card, and the verse immediately hit deep into my heart. As we were doing our debriefing and devotion, we sang the song “Draw Me Nearer”. The verse that leaves a great mark on me goes:

*“Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.”*

This is a double confirmation to me that God has answered my prayer. It teaches me exactly how I can seek help from God to become a faithful servant. Through His divine grace, I can dedicate myself to continue to serve with great faith in Him.

When we went down from the mountain to Chiang Mai, we joined their church service. The Holy Spirit once again touched my heart. For the very first time, I have come to a total understanding of what it means to praise and worship God. It is not about the music, and not about how well we sing, but to sing out our beliefs and love to Him. There were no microphones, no proper sound system, and no presentation slides for the lyrics. There were just a worship leader and a guitarist, singing in a foreign language that we could not understand. We had to guess the song by the melody and googled the lyrics. Though we sang in English and they sang in Thai, there was a sense of unison between us. Feeling the lyrics speaking to me, and yes, that is my praise to God. “Because He lives, I can face tomorrow! Because He lives, all fear is gone.” Have faith, pray always and never give up.

Jolene Chieng



Shan Mission Trip: *When God calls*

As Christians, we all believe that God has a plan, and He works in unique ways in our own individual lives. This mission trip has stunned me about how God works. A year ago, on 12th December 2024, after clearing my room, I was about to leave for the airport for my flight back to Kuching. I was moving back from Singapore. To summarise, those times were really turbulent; coming back meant putting my trust entirely in God's hands, to know His will and His ways, as my own plans had crumbled before my very eyes. As I prayed my final prayer before leaving my room, I remembered so clearly the voice I heard, "You will go back, and you will serve in ministry". I did not understand what those words meant at that point.

Two days before Pastor Raymond invited me to be part of the mission team, my heart stirred, and I felt there was something I had to do for God, but I did not know what. It felt like God had been calling me to do something, but I did not know what. I prayed. I thought it would be a long wait before I found out the answer, but it came sooner than I expected. When Pastor Raymond invited me to be part of the mission team to Shan, I knew it was a call from God, so I did not hesitate and said yes. I did not know what to expect; in fact, I did not even consider any of the risks involved or whether my family (who are non-Christians) would approve. I just went ahead and committed myself, trusting that if God has called me to it, He will supply all my needs, and I can cast any doubts or concerns I had on Him. And so, we were set, tickets booked and bags packed.

On the morning of our trip, we were already hit by storms, a literal thunderstorm and the news of Uncle Richard and Auntie Alice flying on standby tickets. I did not know what to feel. I did not even know how to process all that was happening, but I thank God that the storms went away and the weather cleared. Uncle Richard and Auntie Alice were able to collect their tickets at Kuala Lumpur, and we all went to Chiang Mai together! When we arrived, we were told there would be carolling that night, and I thought, well, this would be fun, until I found out it wasn't in English. "How am I supposed to sing a song in a language I cannot even understand?" I thought to myself. Nevertheless, we went along with it, singing *Lo Ka Se Pio* to the tune of *Joy to the World*, and *We Wish You a Merry Christmas* in Shan. It was fun, and what more could we ask for than carolling together with the team from Bedok Methodist Church (BMC) in Singapore, who were already there. What really stirred my heart was the living conditions of the people in Shan. Some lived in rather nice homes, but others lived in really simple ones, some even borderline run-down. I have lived in rough homes like this before, albeit temporarily, and I could not even stand it. These people live here permanently, yet their faces radiated more joy than mine. I had much more to learn and much more to be humbled.

We had outreach programmes on the next two nights with the BMC team. We always sang the opening song "Apa Khabar". The people were so enthusiastic, joining in, probably not understanding anything, but eager to join in the fun with us. As the BMC team left, I thought to myself that they had done so well: their skit was so well thought out, and their dance so well choreographed. Would we be good enough? Our dance was put together in a rush, our skit was barely one-tenth as long and as meaningful as theirs. How do we even compare to theirs? We have much work to do. Indeed, we practised the next day. Thankfully, the dance and the skit went well.

The one event that really stood out the whole trip was the session at the school. The school by the border allowed us to come in, to teach English, and in return, we were allowed to share the message of Christmas. It was nice to teach the locals English and to correct and help them improve their pronunciation. It was challenging but rewarding to see that the work we do puts a smile on their faces. After we had left, we met the children from the school at our other outreaches. It is good to see that we have left a mark on their lives, albeit our time was so short.

There were many things throughout the trip that really touched my heart. One was the team; we had so many good laughs, and we bonded so well. Most of us had not known each other before the trip, yet by the time we left, we felt like a family. On our last night in Shan, we went carolling at the refugee camp as we approached one house, a young teen, probably around 11 or 12, with facial deformities. I came to understand that he had surgery, and because his family could not afford it, the church stepped in and paid for his surgery. He was left partially impaired, and his cognitive function was affected as well. At that moment, my heart really softened. Suddenly, we heard a gunshot. He panicked, likely due to the trauma of the past. I cannot write in words to describe how he panicked, and even as I write this now, the thoughts of him made me cry now as I did that night.

The truth dawned. The world outside is a dark place, full of pain and suffering which never ends. At that moment, a lot flooded my mind and heart. "If we are not here to bring the gospel to them, to share how the birth of Christ changes our lives, does that not mean that these people will forever live without hope?" I thought to myself. "What is the meaning of life if we have nothing to hope for? We will always be living in despair." This happened on the last day of our trip, and as I led devotion, I chose the song "Here I Am to Worship." At that moment, the realisation came to me! We were there, the 12 of us answering our own individual calling, but all there for one purpose, to worship God by sharing the gospel with the people in Shan. When the gospel was shared with me, during my hardest of times, I held on to Christ as my hope. Now it is our individual responsibility as well to share this hope with others.

As I returned, I spent much time in deep reflection. On 12th December 2024, I received my own individual calling from God. Exactly a year later, on 12th December 2025, I went on the mission trip to Shan. Most would say it is a coincidence, but I know it is not. I saw how God had worked in me, teaching me to put my trust in Him, and not in the circumstances around me. A year later, I had not realised it, but God had prepared me for this mission. As I write this, I know the journey does not end here. As I look back on the calling on 12th December 2024, I think it is quite clear what that calling was. Whether it is to go on more short-term missions, to serve in any ministry, such as the Boys' Brigade, or even to enter full-time ministry, the Word of God in Matthew keeps coming back to my mind. As it is written in Matthew 28: 18-20:

Then Jesus came to them and said, "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Therefore, go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely, I am with you always, to the very end of the age."

The work does not end here. Wherever God calls me to after this, I know that He will prepare me, and He will open doors that no man can close.

Jordan Lee

Shan Mission Trip: *Responding* to God's Calling

I give thanks to God for calling and leading me to this mission trip. From the very beginning of the journey, I could clearly see His hand guiding our team in every step, through even the unexpected "storms". This trip for me was a response to God's grace and invitation to participate in His work. I am deeply grateful that God allowed me to be part of what He is doing among the Shan people, and that He used this journey to speak clearly into my own life.

I am also sincerely grateful to everyone who served alongside me on this mission. I thank the local coworkers for their hospitality, guidance, and faithful service among their own people. I am grateful to the Singapore team for their experience, leadership, flexibility, and willingness to journey and serve alongside us, especially in outreach, carolling, and programme planning. I also thank my own team for the unity, cooperation, and perseverance shown in preparing logistics, gifts, performances, and devotion times. Every outreach, carolling session, and camp activity was only possible because everyone served with one heart and one purpose.

One moment that impacted me most was the carolling. During the carolling, I felt a deep joy—not only because we could help with gifts, food, and daily necessities, but also because we could bring true hope to the Shan people. Singing, acting, and sharing the gospel allowed us to proclaim Jesus Christ—the One who came, lived a sinless life, died for our sins, and rose again—for me, acting as Jesus was a great reminder that while material help is important, the greatest gift we can bring is the hope found in Jesus Christ.

On the final day, when I shared my testimony, I was reminded once again of God's calling in my life. Over the years, I had sensed His call but repeatedly ran away out of fear and uncertainty. Through this mission trip, God confirmed what He has been placing in my heart for a long time. Even from the beginning of the journey, I felt assured that my calling is in missions. Although I am still discerning whether this will be full-time or part-time, I trust that God is leading me step by step. For now, I know that my response is to wait, prepare, and remain faithful, so that when the time comes, I will be ready.

I continue to pray for the Shan people that their faith in Jesus Christ will grow and remain steadfast, and that the seeds planted in this mission trip will bear lasting fruit. May all the work done, whether seen or unseen, glorify the Lord's name. May His kingdom continue to come, and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Veron Hii Zhen Liang

Praises and Prayers, 2026

Can you believe it is February already?!

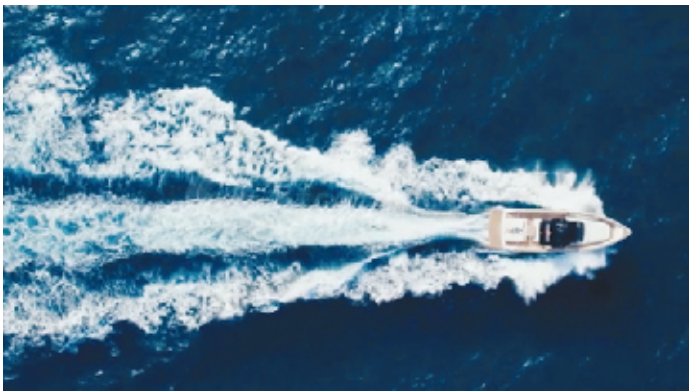
I was grateful to start my year in Dallas with some of my colleagues at a meeting, as we discussed how to serve best the Deaf communities God has given us this year.



Winter sunrise in Dallas, beautiful colours against bare trees

One of my colleagues shared a reflection on ministry as stewardship, leaving us with the following quote to ponder:

“Ministry is the wake we leave behind as we pursue Christ.” - Dr Tim Keller



A motorboat on the sea and its wake trailing behind

Thank God for the reminder that pursuing Christ should be the priority in our ministry, whether we serve God in our local church, at work, in our families, or in full-time ministry.

During lunch, one of my colleagues shared how God called her to serve in Bible translation ministry when she was a teenager. She obeyed God and went to the Middle East to serve in a Deaf school as a linguist.

To her surprise, the Deaf people hated her because they thought she was there to steal their language. They were openly hostile towards her, even went on strike and stole the work. She was so angry she wanted to leave, but God convicted her from Luke 6:27-28 to love her enemies and to bless those who cursed her. Once again, she obeyed God.

A breakthrough came. By not repaying evil with evil, she opened the door to peace and reconciliation, gaining the

leader's trust and, eventually, the whole Deaf community's trust. She spent many fruitful years at the school, but eventually left after unsuccessful attempts to start a Bible translation.

However, God brought her back to the country some ten years later, after a Deaf leader came to Christ and the community was finally ready to start translating the Bible on its own initiative, better than anything she could have started herself.

God knew exactly what He was doing in their lives. **Praise God** that we can always trust Him, for His plans and timing are always perfect.

Pray with me

- Pray for my upcoming trip to the **Middle East**, for fruitful learning as I visit a team, and for good relationship building as my colleagues and I visit different organisations. Pray for peace and safety in the region.
- Pray for God's help and encouragement for a group of **Northern Ireland** Deaf as they struggle to find more full-time translators and properly start working on sign language Bible translation.
- Pray that God would raise up more **Deaf churches** in parts of the world that are gospel poor, so that more Deaf people can come to know Christ and be disciplined to maturity in Him.
- Praise God for continuously stretching me out of my comfort zone so I can exercise humility and trust in Him.

Last year, I asked for prayers for the struggling children's ministry at my Deaf church in Romania. Some failed to see the importance of teaching God's Word to young children. Last week, I was delighted to hear that, after my colleague left, a few of the local Deaf people are taking on the responsibility of teaching the children themselves. Praise God for answered prayers!



A Deaf Sunday School teacher and her assistant are teaching a group of Deaf Romanian children and some hearing children of Deaf adults.

In His joy,

Amy Ting



Lead Like Jesus:

The Heart of a Leader

Through the sessions in “Lead Like Jesus”: Ignite, I learnt many new things. I learnt about the characteristics of a leader, and how to lead as Jesus did, with passion and with confidence in oneself, while leading others to the same goal. We learnt the 4H’s of a leader: the heart, head, hands, and habit. The key takeaways are that we have to know the vision and the goal we want to achieve as a team, and to help others follow our lead while staying connected with God. Yes, we may fall out of line somewhere in between, but we have to put our full trust in the Lord, because he has a plan for us. Nobody is perfect; mistakes are bound to happen. But these mistakes are what make us better. He made every one of us wonderfully and beautifully, and he has a plan for us in his own plan.

My favourite session throughout the course is session 2: “The heart of a Leader”. In our modern society, we often compare ourselves to others who are either better or worse than we are, to make ourselves feel superior. This is where our ego surfaces, separating us from God. The causes for the ego are pride and fear. From this session, I learnt through the pride assessment that fear is my biggest factor. This surprisingly applied to the majority of the people in the course as well. One thing that one of the facilitators said hit me like a ton of bricks. He said,

“You’re seriously fearful??” This made me wonder, how differently do I act in front of others, and what goes on in their mind when I’m around? Am I looked down on, or the opposite? After completing this session, I looked at others differently, both good and bad. I also learned that fear replaces confidence, and that for me to lead like Jesus, I need to put away all my fears; fear of being rejected or fear of being laughed at. One of my favourite lines in the session is, *“Instead of judging others, we understand them. Instead of pointing out their faults, we accept them, love them...faults and all.”* It really touched my heart.

As leaders and/or future leaders of our world, we should take heed of God’s word in Colossians 3:12, *“Therefore, as God’s chosen people, holy and dearly loved, clothe yourselves with compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness and patience.”* Accept Jesus into our daily lives and into the decisions we need to make. I want to end by quoting another verse from Jeremiah 33:3, *“Call to me and I will tell you great things.”*

Disney Ling Pei Yi



Lead Like Jesus: What is *Leading Me?*

"Above all else, guard your heart, for everything you do flows from it." — Proverbs 4:23

This verse lingered in my heart throughout the entire Lead Like Jesus: Ignite sharing. It did not just sound like advice — it felt like a quiet warning, a gentle nudge, almost like God whispering, *Be careful what you allow to grow inside you*. Because whatever grows in our heart will eventually spill into our words, our actions, and the way we lead.

As we reflected on the 4H's — heart, head, hands, and habits — I began to see leadership differently. The head may craft strategies, the hands may carry out responsibilities, and habits may build discipline. But the heart? The heart is the source. It is the hidden place where intentions are formed. And if the source is impure, how can the outcome be pure?

My favourite session was still The Heart of a Leader, but this time it struck me more deeply. It made me uncomfortable in a way that led to growth. How often do I react rather than respond? How often do I speak out of insecurity rather than assurance? When I feel overlooked or criticised, what truly drives my response— humility or pride? Confidence, or fear?

My ultimate favourite quote from the sharing was, *"As leaders, we need to choose to step back and respond to others with humility and confidence rather than reacting out of fear and pride."* That line felt like a mirror held up to my heart. Leadership is not tested in the spotlight; it is

tested in those few silent seconds before we reply, before we defend ourselves, before we let ego take over. In those seconds, who am I choosing to be?

The atmosphere during the sharing felt reflective and sincere. Looking around the room, I realised something: everyone carries unseen struggles. The most composed person may be battling fear. The most outspoken leader may secretly wrestle with pride. It made me ask myself — if I cannot understand my own heart, how can I truly understand the hearts of those I lead?

The LLJ Ignite sharing did not simply teach me principles; it stirred something within me. It reminded me that leadership is not about being the loudest voice in the room, but about having the quietest surrender in your heart. Not about proving your worth, but about trusting God with it. Not about controlling outcomes, but about guarding your intentions.

So now the question is not, *Can I lead?*

The question is, *what is leading me?*

Because when the heart is surrendered, humility replaces pride, courage overcomes fear, and leadership becomes less about self — and more about service. May I continue to guard my heart, not just for the sake of leadership, but for the sake of becoming who God has called me to be.

Debbie Ling

Kesaksian Guru Sekolah Minggu: *Dipulihkan untuk Melayani*

“Syukur, Puji Tuhan, kali ini saya diberi kesempatan untuk berkongsi sedikit pelayanan saya di Sekolah Minggu. Saya mula melayani di Sekolah pada tahun 2018 kerana masa itu Ps. Sabiyah mendorong saya melayani bersama. Pada permulaan saya melayani di Sekolah Minggu, saya merasakan diri tidak layak dan tidak mampu menerima tugas sebagai Guru Sekolah Minggu. Saya belum bersedia kerana saya merasakan ada halangan ketika saya berada di Sekolah Minggu. Saya merasakan tempat Sekolah Minggu itu membuatkan memori saya ingat kembali zaman kanak-kanak saya. Zaman kanak-kanak saya tidak indah. Mengapa saya katakan tidak Indah?? Zaman kanak-kanak saya penuh kebencian, dendam dan tangisan. Ini kerana Ibu bapa saya telah bercerai



ketika saya berumur lebih kurang dua tahun, dan sejak itu saya dibesarkan oleh nenek dan datuk saya. Sejak kecil, saya sering diperli dan dihina kerana tidak mempunyai ibu dan bapa di sisi saya. Apa yang lebih menyedihkan, orang yang menghina saya ketika itu ialah seorang ibu. Malah, anaknya yang masih kecil turut meniru kata-kata dan perbuatannya terhadap saya. Dalam keadaan itu, saya hanya mampu menangis dan memendam rasa.

Atas dorongan Pn. Sitee dan Ps. Sabiyah, saya menerima

kembali tugas di Sekolah Minggu. Sepanjang saya melayani di Sekolah Minggu sampai sekarang, Tuhan banyak menolong, mengajar saya untuk mengasihi sesama. Walaupun sukar untuk saya lakukan, tetapi Tuhan mampu mengubah saya menjadi sabar. Ketika saya menjaga dan mengajar anak-anak Sekolah Minggu, saya melihat anak-anak kecil yang bertumbuh, mempunyai keinginan dalam diri mereka untuk belajar berdoa, dan ingin mengenal siapa itu Tuhan. Saya percaya benih Firman yang ditabur, yang ditanam selama ini pasti berbuah pada waktunya. Pelayanan SM bukanlah pelayanan kecil, kerana disinilah generasi masa depan gereja dibentuk. Saya berdoa agar Tuhan terus memberikan saya hati yang sabar dan terus bersemangat untuk

melayani anak-anak Sekolah Minggu walaupun karakter mereka berbeza.

Harapan saya, kiranya saudara-saudari terus mendoakan kami semua sebagai Guru Sekolah Minggu, agar kami sentiasa bersatu di dalam Kristus untuk membimbing, mendidik, dan menjadi saksi Kristus yang bersinar. Segala kemuliaan hanya bagi Tuhan. Amin.

Dalina Ak Jawan

Sekolah Minggu Tempat Saya Mengenal Kasih Tuhan

“Shalom, nama saya Fiona. Saya bersyukur dan berterima kasih kepada Tuhan kerana saya mempunyai keluarga yang mengenal Tuhan. Saya ingin membuat kesaksian sepanjang saya mengikuti Sekolah Minggu. Di Sekolah Minggu saya mulai belajar tentang Tuhan. Kami di SM selalu mempunyai aktiviti yang menyeronokkan. Kami memuji Tuhan, membaca Firman Tuhan, menonton tayangan dan berdoa.

Di Sekolah Minggu kami belajar sepuluh hukum Tuhan, salah satu yang kami terapkan ialah tentang Kasih. Saya juga bersyukur kepada Tuhan, kerana saya mempunyai 2 orang kakak yang selalu membimbing saya untuk sama-sama melayani. Saya berterima kasih kepada Tuhan kerana di Sekolah Minggu saya belajar berdoa dan percaya bahawa Tuhan selalu menyertai saya.

Akhir sekali, saya ingin berterima kasih kepada semua Guru Sekolah Minggu kerana bersabar dan mengasihi kami. Tuhan Memberkatikan.

Sekian, terima kasih

Christanela Fiona Ak Lofkman



“Menanam dan Menyiram, Allah Memberi Pertumbuhan” (1 Korintus 3:6)



Shalom semua,
Nama saya Utie, saya bersyukur, saya diberi peluang untuk berkongsi sedikit kesaksian tentang pelayanan misi ke rumah Panjang Ensudin di Kampung Tisak Ulu, Betong. Saya pergi mengikuti pelayanan ini bukan sebagai seorang yang serba mampu, tetapi sebagai umat yang belajar untuk taat dan bergantung sepenuhnya kepada Tuhan.

Dalam pelayanan, pasti ada cabaran. Sebelum kami pergi ke Betong, kami telah dibahagikan tugas. Saya telah diberikan kesempatan untuk melayani dalam kumpulan doa untuk keluarga. Di sana, saya mula berasa tidak yakin, kerana saya kurang pandai bertutur dalam Bahasa Inggeris disebabkan salah seorang jemaat dari Pelayanan Bahasa Inggeris sama kumpulan dengan saya dan saya risau akan hal itu. Di bawah kami ada 3 keluarga yang perlu kami kunjungi dan doakan. Saya sangat takut - bagaimana jika dia tidak pandai bertutur dalam Bahasa Melayu. Namun, puji Tuhan dia dapat bertutur dalam Bahasa Melayu. Sepanjang kami berkunjung dan berdoa untuk setiap keluarga, saya merasakan kehadiran Roh Kudus memimpin saya. Biasanya kalau saya sudah berdoa untuk satu keluarga, doa seterusnya saya akan tersekat-sekat, seperti tidak tahu berdoa. Tapi hari itu saya mengalami penyertaan Tuhan yang sangat nyata.

Pada hari yang sama, ada beberapa orang dari kami sempat pergi ke rumah Kaong, disana kami merasakan pekerjaan Tuhan yang luar biasa. Kami sangat gembira melihat beberapa buah keluarga disana sudah menerima Tuhan dalam hidup mereka, dan mereka juga gembira apabila menyambut kedatangan kami. Kami dapat berkongsi dengan mereka bagaimana kehidupan kami sebelum dan selepas menerima Tuhan dan bagaimana Tuhan memimpin jalan hidup kami. Oleh kerana keseronokan itu, waktu kami bersama terasa sangat singkat kerana malam pun telah tiba.

Sebelah malam, kami juga ada mengadakan kebaktian bersama mereka dimana ada 3 buah rumah panjang berkumpul bersama. Kalau mengikutkan rancangan awal, kami mengadakan kebaktian tersebut di rumah panjang sahaja, tetapi mereka meminta untuk mengadakannya di Gereja. Perjalanan kesana mengambil masa 10 atau 15 minit jika berjalan kaki. Beberapa dari kami ada yang menggunakan kenderaan dan ada yang berjalan kaki kerana tidak ada tempat parking akibat hujan lebat.

Keesokkan harinya, semasa kami ingin pulang, kami sempat melihat rumah panjang Sdri. Dalina, tetapi kami tidak singgah disana kerana kekangan masa, dimana kami harus meneruskan perjalanan kami seterusnya ke Kampung Kubal. Semasa perjalanan kami ke Kampung Kubal, perjalanan kami kesana sungguh mencabar, namun hal itu tidak membuat kami berhenti untuk melayani. Sesampainya kami di Kampung Kubal, kami disambut oleh penduduk kampung disana dengan hati yang terbuka. Kami melayani bersama setelah pasukan perubatan menjalankan pelayanan mereka, tidak lupa juga kami berdoa untuk setiap individu disana.

Sepanjang melayani 3 buah rumah panjang di Betong, saya melihat hasil pelayanan yang menguatkan iman kita, bukan sekedar berapa ramai yang mengikuti, tetapi adanya senyuman, keterbukaan dan kepercayaan yang terbangun melalui hubungan yang terjalin, kesediaan hati untuk melayani, mendengar dan kerinduan untuk mengenal Tuhan dengan lebih dalam.

Dalam pelayanan ini saya dapat belajar satu kebenaran penting, dimana kita hanya menanam dan menyiram, tetapi Allah sendiri yang memberi pertumbuhan. (1 Kor 3:6) Setiap misi bukan hanya tentang kehebatan setiap individu yang melayani, tetapi tentang kesetiaan Tuhan yang berkerja untuk kita manusia yang lemah.

Utie Ak Tugang



Memperingati Saudara Peter Hii Huong Ying

Saudara Peter Hii mula menghadiri kebaktian bahasa Cina di Gereja Methodist Trinity pada Julai 2002. Sepanjang penglibatannya dalam Persekutuan Belia, beliau telah bertemu dan jatuh cinta dengan isterinya, Ivy Wee. Mereka kemudiannya membina keluarga di dalam Tuhan dan mendirikan sebuah rumah tangga yang diberkati. Sejak itu, pasangan ini berjalan bersama dalam kesatuan, melayani dengan setia, mula-mula dalam Persekutuan Belia dan kemudian berpindah ke Persekutuan Dewasa, di mana mereka terus terlibat secara aktif dalam pelbagai pelayanan gereja.

Pada tahun 2017, beliau menyertai Jawatankuasa Kebaktian Bahasa Cina dan menyumbang dalam pelayanan Pendidikan dan Kesusasteraan Kristian serta Pelayanan Misi. Dalam tempoh ini, beliau juga melayani sebagai guru Sekolah Minggu. Beliau dengan penuh kasih menyebut dirinya sebagai "Master Hii" dan menyampaikan cerita-cerita Alkitab dengan cara yang hidup dan menarik, sehingga membuatkan kanak-kanak begitu menyayanginya.

Saudara Peter adalah seorang yang sungguh rendah hati, tulus dan berjenaka dalam pergaulannya dengan orang lain, serta bersungguh-sungguh dalam pengabdianya kepada Firman Tuhan, sentiasa memegangnya dengan penuh hormat dan penghargaan.

Beliau telah kembali ke pangkuan Tuhan pada 1 Januari 2026.

Beliau pernah berkata bahawa kematangan kehidupan rohani terletak pada pembelajaran yang disengajakan, pengalaman, dan komitmen. Sejak awal imannya hingga ke penghujung perjalanan hidupnya di dunia ini, beliau mengetahui dengan jelas kepada siapa dia telah percaya,



dan dia yakin bahawa Tuhan berkuasa memelihara apa yang telah dipercayakannya kepada-Nya hingga pada hari itu.

Walaupun pelayanannya telah berakhir, kesaksiannya tetap berterusan; Walaupun suaranya telah terdiam, hidupnya masih berbicara.

Rev. Belinda Lee

Berikut adalah penghormatan daripada isteri dan anak-anak saudara Peter.

Yang disayangi Peter, saya menantikan pertemuan kita yang seterusnya!

"Marilah kepada-Ku, hai kamu semua yang lelah kerana memikul beban yang berat; Aku akan membebaskan kamu daripada beban kamu." [Matius 11:28]

1 Januari 2026 — Tuhan memanggil hamba-Nya yang setia, Peter Hii Huong Ying, pulang ke syurga. Tuhan berfirman bahawa kini beliau boleh meletakkan semua penat lelahnya di dunia dan kembali ke rumah dengan aman.

Peter benar-benar seorang "ren" (仁, seorang yang berbuat baik dan penyayang). Dalam hati saya, beliau sentiasa menjadi "ren" yang baik itu. Hanya selepas upacara memperingatinya, saya menyedari bahawa bukan saya sahaja, ramai lagi yang mengingatinya dengan cara yang sama di dalam hati mereka.

Beliau seorang Kristian yang baik, sangat mengasihi Bapa

Surgawi kita. Beliau sentiasa menyediakan masa untuk berdoa dan membaca Alkitab, serta mengamalkan firman Tuhan dalam kehidupan harian dan tindakannya.

Beliau adalah seorang suami yang baik. Sepanjang 20 tahun perkahwinan kami, beliau menunjukkan bahawa saya adalah satu-satunya wanita yang benar-benar dicintainya. Beliau mendedikasikan sepenuh hatinya untuk memastikan saya, sebagai isterinya, sering gembira, disayangi, dan dijaga dengan baik.

Beliau adalah seorang bapa yang baik. Beliau mengambil berat tentang keperluan harian anak-anak kami, masa depan mereka, serta pertumbuhan fizikal, mental, dan rohani mereka.

Beliau juga seorang anak yang baik dan berbakti. Tidak kira betapa sibuknya beliau, beliau tetap bertegas untuk membuat panggilan WhatsApp mingguan kepada ibunya yang sudah lanjut usia setiap hari Ahad, semata-mata kerana beliau tidak mahu ibunya merasa diabaikan.

Beliau adalah seorang saudara seiman yang baik. Di gereja, sama ada bersama pastor, pemimpin, atau saudara-saudari dari semua peringkat umur, beliau mampu berjalan seiring dengan mereka dalam kasih dan saling mengambil berat. Kebaktian pengebumiannya membuktikan hal ini, mereka yang hadir terdiri daripada golongan tua dan muda.

Beliau adalah seorang pekerja yang bertanggungjawab dan baik. Setiap rakan sekerja yang hadir memberi penghormatan kepada beliau dan memuji etika kerjanya sepanjang hayatnya.

Mulai 1 Januari 2026, saya juga harus menerima identiti baru — **balu**, ibu tunggal.

Pada awal tahun baru, sama ada di sekolah atau syarikat, kami dikehendaki mengemas kini maklumat peribadi. Untuk pertama kalinya, dalam ruangan status perkahwinan, saya mengisi "Balu/Janda". Pada saat itu, saya benar-benar sedar bahawa pemergian Peter bukan sekadar perpisahan. Mulai hari itu, banyak perubahan kecil tetapi nyata dalam hidup saya mula berlaku, satu demi satu.

Selepas pemergian Peter yang begitu tiba-tiba, anak-anak dan saya bertanya soalan yang sama: Tuhan, mengapa? Mengapa seorang "ren" yang baik seperti beliau jatuh dan tidak pernah bangkit lagi? Alkitab mencatat begitu banyak mujizat kebangkitan — mengapa kami tidak melihat mujizat yang kami doakan dengan penuh keyakinan ketika anak saya dan saya berada di dalam ambulans?

Pada waktu itu, kami merasa seolah-olah Tuhan tidak mendengar doa kami, tidak menjawab seperti yang kami inginkan, malah kami tertanya-tanya sama ada Tuhan telah menipu kami.

Kemudian apabila kami perlahan-lahan menenangkan diri dan semakin ramai wajah yang sudah dikenali dari TMC (Gereja Methodist Trinity) — pastor, pengkhotbah, serta saudara dan saudari yang rapat — muncul di hadapan kami satu demi satu, kami perlahan-lahan mula menerima hakikat bahawa Peter telah meninggalkan kami.

Pada saat itu, saya tiba-tiba memahami bahawa Tuhan benar-benar mendengar doa kami — Dia sedang memberitahu kami dengan caranya sendiri bahawa Dia sentiasa ada bersama kami.

Pemergian Peter adalah rahmat Tuhan kepadanya — satu perjanjian antara Tuhan dan dirinya — janji yang dibuat Tuhan — satu misteri yang, sebagai manusia yang

terbatas, kita tidak dapat sepenuhnya fahami. Tuhan mengambilnya dengan cara yang paling tidak menyakitkan. Bagi Peter, bukankah ini berita baik yang diberkati?

Sebenarnya, keengganan kami untuk melepaskannya sebahagian besarnya berpunca daripada keegoisan kami sendiri. Sebagai seorang isteri yang bahagia, saya sudah terbiasa dengan perhatian dan kasih sayangnya. Beliau sanggup dan dengan gembira mengambil alih lebih daripada 80% kerja rumah tangga — mengisi minyak kereta, menghantar dan menjemput anak-anak dari sekolah, membantu mereka dalam tuisyen, membawa mereka ke persaudaran belia, serta menguruskan pembelian barangan runcit dan keperluan rumah.

Ketiadaannya terasa begitu asing, maka saya tidak mahu melepaskannya. Saya berdoa dengan sungguh-sungguh agar Tuhan menyembuhkannya. Namun, Tuhan menunggu di pihak lain — menunggu kami belajar melepaskan, membiarkan Dia mengambil alih, kerana Dia tahu bahawa sekarang, lebih daripada sebelumnya, kami perlu **bergantung sepenuhnya kepada-Nya**. Tuhan mengetahui sejauh mana kami mampu menanggung. Segala pergumulan kami, Dia mengetahuinya. Maka, walaupun dalam kesukaran, kita mesti tetap teguh — **Tuhan tidak pernah melupakan kita**.

Semasa pengebumian bapanya, anak lelaki saya berkata sesuatu yang sangat menggoncang hati saya. Dia berkata: "Jika hari ini saya yang pergi, bapa saya yang masih hidup tidak akan meragui Tuhan yang telah beliau percayai selama bertahun-tahun — bahawa Tuhan akan mengambil anaknya tanpa sebab. Tuhan bertindak sedemikian pastinya dengan tujuan-Nya yang baik. Jadi, saya akan menggunakan kehidupan rohani ayah untuk meneguhkan iman saya kepada Tuhan yang dipelihara oleh ayah dan saya."

Ternyata, Tuhan telah pun melakukan perkara-perkara yang menakjubkan dalam hidup anak-anak saya dan saya sendiri.

Apabila saya benar-benar memahami bahawa semua ini adalah tujuan baik Tuhan, hati saya menemukan ketenangan. Peter hidup selama 49 tahun di dunia ini, dan mendedikasikan 23 tahun daripada itu untuk menemani dan mencintai saya sepenuh hati. **Sebenarnya, saya memperoleh lebih daripada apa yang saya hilang.**

Mulai sekarang, saya akan menukar kerinduan saya terhadap Peter menjadi kekuatan untuk terus melangkah ke hadapan, sambil terus meneladani sifat lembut, setia, dan penyayang yang ditunjukkan oleh "ren" yang baik itu sepanjang hayatnya.

Isteri tercinta,

Wee Yeng Ping (Ivy)

Ayah, Teladan Seumur Hidupku

Ayah saya seorang yang sangat bertanggungjawab. Beliau berbakti kepada ibu bapanya, sangat mengasihi isterinya, dan merupakan seorang suami serta bapa yang hampir sempurna.

Dalam dirinya, saya melihat gambaran Yesus, beliau menghabiskan seluruh hidupnya mengajar kami untuk melayani mereka yang lebih muda dan lebih lemah daripada kami, sebagaimana Yesus melayani murid-murid-Nya; beliau juga mengajar kami bagaimana menjalani kehidupan yang berkenan kepada Tuhan Yesus.

Ayah pernah menasihati saya: "Jangan terlalu memaksa diri dalam kelas; kamu bukan seorang superhero." Ayah, saya juga ingin berkata kepada ayah: Ayah juga bukan seorang superhero. Mengapa ayah sentiasa begitu memaksa diri? Setiap perkara di rumah dilakukan dengan begitu sempurna, bahkan pada hari ayah kembali ke rumah syurgawi, pada 1 Januari 2026, seakan-akan semuanya telah diatur dengan begitu rapi.

Saya percaya, justru kerana ayah seorang yang sangat bertanggungjawab, seolah-olah ayah telah menyelesaikan misi di dunia ini lebih awal, lalu memilih untuk pulang terlebih dahulu ke dalam pelukan Bapa Syurgawi untuk beristirahat dengan tenang.

Suatu hari, saya membuka akaun Shopee ayah kerana ingin melihat barang-barang dalam troli beliannya. Saya menemukan satu keadaan yang membuatkan saya mahu menangis dan ketawa pada masa yang sama: Ayah sebenarnya sangat suka bermain pickleball, namun beliau telah memohon bayaran balik untuk sebuah paddle yang sudah dibayarinya. Apabila saya klik dan melihat butirannya, rupanya ayah telah membawa paddle itu untuk dibuat pemeriksaan X-ray dan mendapati ia kekurangan satu lapisan filem. Mungkin ayah berfikir bahawa tanpa lapisan itu, beliau tidak dapat menewaskan uncle Johnny atau uncle Charles. Begitulah ayah, sentiasa mengejar kesempurnaan dalam setiap perkara, dan sangat serius serta bertanggungjawab dalam apa jua yang dilakukannya.

Saya masih ingat perkara terakhir yang ayah katakan kepada saya ialah: "Saya sangat penat, saya mahu berehat." Siapa sangka selepas itu ayah benar-benar beristirahat dalam pelukan Tuhan. Ada begitu banyak penyesalan dalam hati saya. Pada hari itu, setelah sekian lama tidak berjumpa dengan ayah, mengapa saya tidak berbual dengannya dengan lebih lama? Mengapa saya tidak memeluknya lebih erat, atau mengucapkan "Saya sayang ayah" sekali lagi? Namun saya juga bersyukur, sekurang-kurangnya pada saat terakhir saya melihat ayah, beliau dalam keadaan tenang, gembira, dan dikelilingi oleh keluarga tercinta.

Pada hari saya menamatkan peperiksaan SPM tahun lalu, ayah membawa saya pulang dan berkata kepada saya: "Lele, bolehkah kamu beri ayah satu peluang? Ayah mahu menebus kekurangan masa menemani kamu semasa kamu kecil." Pada waktu itu, saya tidak benar-benar menghayatinya. Saya berfikir: "Nanti apabila saya tamat universiti, berkahwin, membina keluarga, dan apabila ayah bersara, barulah kami akan berbual panjang." Tetapi saya benar-benar menyesal. Ayah begitu mengasihi saya, namun betapa sedikitnya saya mengucapkan "saya sayang ayah" kepadanya. Ayah, tolong maafkan saya.

Di dalam ambulans, mama dan saya berdoa dengan bersungguh-sungguh. Saya berkata kepada Bapa Syurgawi: "Jika Engkau berkenan melakukan mukjizat, bangunkanlah ayah. Saya rela mempersembahkan diri saya, pergi ke tempat yang paling berbahaya sekalipun, asalkan Engkau selamatkan ayah saya."

Namun Tuhan tidak membangunkan ayah. Pada saat itu, saya mula meragui: Bapa Syurgawi, adakah Engkau benar-benar mendengar doa? Ayah adalah seorang yang sangat mengasihi-Mu, tetapi saya tidak dapat memahaminya.

Kemudian, seorang sahabat baik ayah, seorang pakcik dari gereja, berkata kepada saya: Apabila kita melalui perkara seperti ini, kita pasti akan berhadapan dengan cabaran dan godaan daripada si jahat, Iblis. Sepanjang malam itu, saya berfikir, bergumul, dan tidak memahami "mengapa." Sehingga saya cuba melihatnya dari sudut pandangan ayah.

Jika saya yang pergi hari ini, adakah saya mahu melihat anak-anak dan isteri saya meragui iman mereka kerana pemergian saya? Atau adakah saya berharap walaupun dalam kesakitan, mereka tetap teguh memilih Yesus Kristus? Saya percaya inilah yang ayah harapkan untuk lihat. Sepanjang hidupnya, ayah mengajar saya untuk mengasihi dan mengajar saya untuk melayani. Dan saya juga harus teguh dalam iman, menghidupi apa yang telah diajarkannya kepada saya.

Jadi sekarang, saya ingin berkata kepada ayah: Ayah, saya sudah dewasa. Saya akan menjaga mama. Walaupun saya tidak dapat sehebat ayah, saya akan berusaha sebaik mungkin untuk hidup dengan baik dan mengasihi dengan sepenuh hati.

Mama, mulai sekarang, marilah kita terus berjalan bersama, hidup dengan baik, dan berjalan dengan iman yang teguh.

Ditulis oleh: Anak, Jasper Hii Kay Lok

Ayah Sebenarnya Belum Pergi!

Saya selalu merasa ayah adalah bahagian yang paling “tidak berguna” dalam keluarga ini. Beliau sentiasa duduk di sofa, menulis artikel perkongsian, seolah-olah tidak benar-benar terlibat dalam urusan rumah. Sehingga suatu hari, beliau pergi ke Korea untuk misi jangka pendek, barulah saya menyedari, ayah sebenarnya adalah bahagian terbesar dan paling penting dalam keluarga ini. Beliau sentiasa menyelesaikan setiap tugas dengan diam-diam, tanpa pernah membiarkan kami menyedarinya. Hanya selepas ayah pergi dalam satu perjalanan, saya menyedari: tidak setiap kali kotak pasir kucing itu dibersihkan dengan sendiri, tidak setiap kali tong sampah berada dalam keadaan kosong, tidak setiap malam pintu rumah terkunci dengan sendiri, dan tidak semua orang sentiasa sedia menjemput saya dari sekolah. Kita sering terlepas pandang mereka yang menyumbang dalam perkara-perkara kecil, tersilap sangka bahawa semuanya datang begitu sahaja. Tetapi sebenarnya, sumbangan sesiapa pun bukanlah sesuatu yang boleh dianggap remeh atau sudah tentu ada.

Ayah melakukan semua ini semata-mata kerana kasihnya kepada kami, tanpa mengharapkan apa-apa balasan. Kadang-kadang serius, kadang-kadang berjenaka, beliau tidak pernah menekankan usaha dirinya sendiri. Tetapi kita tidak seharusnya menganggap semua ini sebagai sesuatu yang “sepatutnya.” Dalam menghadapi kasih ibu bapa kita, saya merasa begitu kecil dan tidak penting, jauh daripada mampu menandingi semua yang telah mereka berikan.

Kemudian, pemergian ayah membuatkan saya mula meragui kewujudan Tuhan. Seperti yang dikongsikan oleh abang saya semasa upacara pengebumian, saya sentiasa berharap semua ini hanyalah mimpi, mengharapkan mukjizat berlaku.

Sepanjang hari-hari pengebumian, saya mendengar mama, berulang kali, membuka kembali luka hatinya, berkali-kali menceritakan semula detik-detik pemergian ayah. Betapa saya berharap timbunan wang takziah yang kami terima dapat ditukar dengan ayah; betapa saya berharap wang itu boleh berunding dengan Tuhan untuk mengembalikan ayah kepada kami.

Tetapi semuanya sia-sia.

Hati saya dipenuhi dengan rasa dendam, dendam terhadap Tuhan, mengapa Dia mengambil ayah saya, mengapa Dia mengambil hamba-Nya yang paling setia,

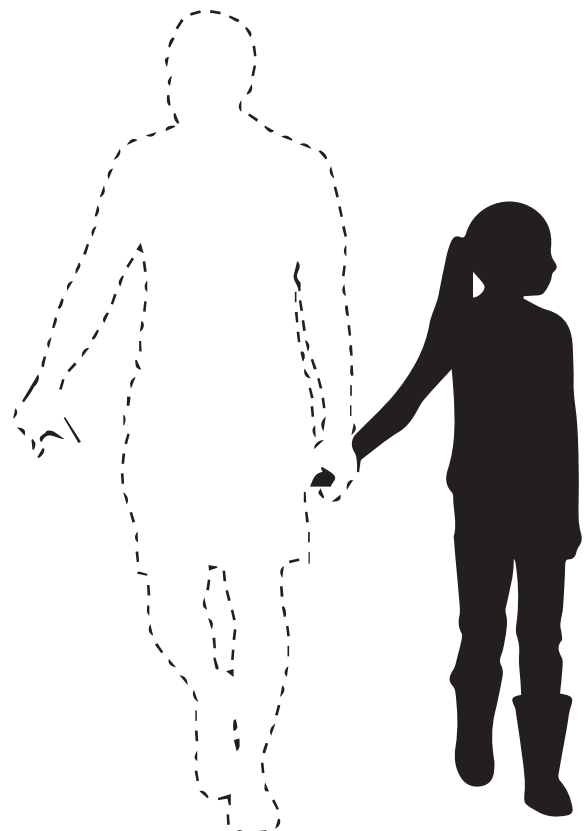
mengapa Dia begitu tergesa-gesa untuk menjemputnya pergi. Hati saya penuh dengan kepahitan dan kekeliruan. Sehingga kata-kata abang saya semasa kebaktian pengebumian menyedarkan saya: Ayah pasti tidak mahu kami meragui Tuhan yang selama ini menjadi sandaran dan kepercayaannya hanya kerana pemergiannya. Di masa depan, beliau pasti berharap kita dapat bersatu semula dengannya di rumah syurgawi.

Apabila saya menoleh ke belakang, saya mengerti bahawa Tuhan sebenarnya sudah membuat persiapan yang sempurna untuk pemergian ayah, mengizinkan dia bertemu nenek dan keluarga ibu, saudara di Sibul sebelum dia pergi, dan juga membenarkan abang saya dari Semenanjung Malaysia kembali untuk bertemu dengannya. Seawal tahun lalu, Tuhan telah menyediakan biasiswa untuk abang saya, membolehkannya menamatkan pengajian dengan jayanya. Tuhan juga meninggalkan sumber hiburan untuk ibu, adik perempuan saya. Jadi, semuanya sudah berada dalam aturan Tuhan.

Ayah sebenarnya tidak benar-benar pergi.

Dia sentiasa ada, di dalam hati kami, dan di syurga menyertai kami, tidak pernah meninggalkan kami.

*Ditulis oleh:
Anak yang dikasihi, Bernice Hii Kai Xin*





Saya selalu menyangka masih ada banyak masa, cukup masa untuk saya membesar perlahan-lahan, dan kemudian perlahan-lahan belajar mengasihi ayah dengan lebih baik. Tetapi ayah pergi dahulu. Pada hari ayah pergi, kita baru sahaja bermain bola keranjang bersama. Ayah sudah tidak ada tenaga untuk membuat jaringan, tetapi ayah masih menghulurkan bola kepada saya dan berkata, "Bagus." Perkataan itu menjadi satu suara yang terukir di dalam hati saya, suara yang tidak akan pernah dapat saya dengar kembali.

Selepas ayah pergi, saya diliputi ketakutan yang tidak berkesudahan. Saya terfikir, pada masa depan nanti, seolah-olah tiada lagi orang yang akan menjemput saya dari sekolah untuk makan tengah hari, membelikan makanan yang saya mahu, memasak makanan Barat untuk saya, menyuruh saya membuat kerja rumah, bermain bola dengan cara yang pelik bersama saya (menggunakan pemukul ping pong untuk bermain badminton), berjalan bersama saya ketika saya dalam suasana hati yang tidak baik, membawa saya ke doktor ketika saya sakit, dan mengasihi saya begitu dalam lagi. Ayah paling mengasihi saya; kasihnya bukan melalui kata-kata, tetapi melalui perbuatan. Saya tidak tahu berapa lama lagi saya perlu menunggu untuk pulang ke rumah syurga dan bertemu ayah semula. Saya berasa kehilangan arah tentang masa depan, namun saya juga bersyukur kepada Tuhan kerana mengambil ayah dengan cara ini, sekurang-kurangnya tanpa kesakitan, dan bersyukur kerana Tuhan mengizinkan kami cukup matang untuk membantu ibu. Walaupun ayah sudah tiada, ibu juga adalah insan yang paling tidak tergantikan dalam hidup saya.

Ayah, wajah dan suara ayah akan selamanya terukir di dalam hati saya.

Ayah, saya ingin beritahu ayah:

"Ayah, saya mengasihi ayah. Ayah yang menopang rumah ini untuk kami, saya akan sentiasa ingat.

Ayah, ayah sangat kacak ketika bermain bola, yang paling kacak.

Ayah, saya akan belajar bersungguh-sungguh supaya tidak mengecewakan ayah.

Ayah, saya akan menjaga ibu dengan baik.

Ayah, kasut yang ayah paling suka itu, bila saya sudah

ada duit nanti, saya akan belikan ayah banyak-banyak. Ayah, pemukul pickleball yang ayah suka itu, saya akan belikan ayah banyak-banyak, apa sahaja jenis yang ayah mahu, saya akan belikan."

Tetapi mengapa ayah tidak menunggu saya membesar? Untuk melihat saya tamat sekolah menengah, tamat universiti. Saya masih mahu ayah memimpin saya masuk ke dewan perkahwinan, melihat saya memakai gaun pengantin, dengan penuh sukacita dan diberkati."

Hari itu ketika ayah rebah ke tanah, saya tidak mampu berbuat apa-apa. Saya hanya mampu berdiri kaku. Betapa saya berharap itu bukan ayah yang jatuh, betapa saya berharap saya hanya tersalah dengar. Dalam perjalanan ke hospital, saya tidak berani menangis. Saya percaya Tuhan akan menyelamatkan ayah. Saya mempunyai iman kepada Tuhan. Tetapi apabila saya melihat papan tanda hijau itu, saya sangka ayah sudah diselamatkan. Saat saya melangkah masuk, saya hanya melihat sehelai kain putih menutupi seseorang. Itu adalah ayah.

Pada saat itu, saya hancur.

Apabila saya mendekati ayah, saya seperti melihat air mata ayah, namun pada masa yang sama saya juga melihat ketenangan dan kedamaian pada wajah ayah. Mungkin bagi ayah, itu adalah satu kelegaan.

Sehingga hari ini, saya masih menyimpan rasa berat untuk melepaskan. Setiap kali saya melihat anak-anak lain memegang tangan ayah mereka, membeli-belah bersama, berbual, makan bersama ayah mereka, saya berasa cemburu.

Pokok besar tempat saya bersandar telah tumbang, tetapi saya percaya suatu hari nanti saya akan bertemu semula dengan pokok besar saya itu. Ayah! Ayah sangat penat, bukan? Maka berehatlah dengan tenang.

Ditulis oleh:
Anak yang dikasihi, Glynis Hii Kai Qin

许向仁生平简介

许向仁于2002年7月来到三一堂，开始参与华语部崇拜。在青团期间，他与妻子黄燕萍相识相爱，随后在主里成家立业，建立了蒙恩的家庭。此后，他们夫妇同心同行，先在青团忠心服事，后来升入成年团契，继续积极参与各样教会事工。

2017年，他加入华委团队，参与文字布道与事业组、宣教组及基督教教育组的事工；期间亦担任儿童主日学老师。他自称“许老爷”，以生动方式讲述圣经故事，深受孩子喜爱。

向仁弟兄为人真实谦卑，待人真诚风趣，对神的话语认真渴慕，常存敬畏。

他于2026年1月1日安息主怀。

他曾说，属灵生命的成熟在于刻意学习、经历并委身。从信仰的起点到人生的终点，他清楚知道自己所信的是谁，也深信神能保守他所交托的，直到那日。

他的服事虽已停下，他的见证仍在继续；
他的声音虽已止息，他的生命仍在说话。



-吕桑桑牧师

以下是彼得的女子和孩子们的致辞

亲爱的好仁，期待我们的下次相见！

「凡劳苦担重担的人，可以到我这里来，我就使你们得安息。」——马太福音 11:28

1.1.2026 神把祂忠心的仆人——许向仁弟兄，带回天家了。神说，他可以卸下一切在地上的劳苦，安然回家了。

向仁弟兄，是个真正的“仁”。在我心中，他一直都是那个好“仁”。直到他的追思礼拜，我才发现——原来，不只是我，很多人的心中，也同样这样记得他。

他是一位好基督徒，深爱我们的天父，总是确保自己有时间祷告，读经，把神的话语活在生活中，行在生命里。

他是一位好丈夫。在这 20 年的婚姻里，他让我深深知道——我是他唯一深爱的女人。他用尽心力让我这个作太太的常常喜乐，被珍惜、被呵护。

他是一位好父亲。他关心孩子们的日常所需、未来前途，也关心他们的身、心、灵成长。

他也是一位孝顺的好儿子。即使再忙，他仍坚持每个星期日与年迈的母亲 WhatsApp 通话，只因为不愿让老人家感到被忽略。

他更是一位好弟兄。在教会里，无论是牧者、领袖，还是不同年龄层的弟兄姐妹，他都能与人同行，彼此相爱。从他的丧礼上可以看见——来的，有老的，也有少的。

他也是一位尽责的好员工。每一位前来致意的同事与同工，都对他生前的工作态度给予极高的评价。

1.1.2026 起，我也必须接受一个全新的身份——寡妇、单亲妈妈。

在新一年开始，无论是学校或公司，都需要更新个人资料。这是我第一次，在婚姻状况那一栏里，填上“Widowed / Balu”。那一刻，我才真正意识到，向仁的离去，并不只是一场告别，而是从这一天起，生活中许多细小却真实的改变，正在一一展开。

向仁的忽然离去，我和孩子们问了同样的问题：上帝，为什么？为什么这么好的一个“仁”，倒下之后就再也起不来了？圣经里明明记载了那么多死人复活的神迹，为什么当我和儿子在救护车里满怀信心地祷告，却没有看见我们期待的奇迹？

那时的我们，曾经觉得——上帝没有垂听祷告，神没有照着我们要的方式回应，甚至觉得，神是不是欺骗了我们。

直到我们渐渐冷静下来。当越来越多三一堂熟悉的面孔——牧师、传道、亲近的弟兄姐妹，一个一个出现在我们面前，我们才慢慢开始接受向仁已经离去的事实。就在那一刻，我忽然明白：神不是没有听祷告，而是祂用祂的方式告诉我们——祂一直都在。

向仁的离去，是神对他的慈爱，是神与他之间的约定，是神对他的应许，是我们有限的人无法完全测透的奥秘。神以最没有痛苦的方式接走了他，对向仁而言，这何尝不是一件蒙福的大好消息呢？

我们对他的不舍，其实更多是出于自己的私心。身为一个幸福的太太，我早已习惯他的照顾与付出——家里80%以上的琐事，从汽车打油、接送孩子上学、补习、少团，到家中物品的采买，全都是他甘心乐意地承担。

他的离去让我不习惯，所以我不愿放手，我拼命祷告，求神医治他。然而，神却在另一边等待我们——等待我们学会放手，学习让祂掌权，因为祂知道，此时此刻，我们更需要学习完全依靠祂。神知道我们能承担多少，我们的难处，祂都知道。所以即使

遭遇困境，我们仍要坚信——神从来没有忘记我们。在爸爸的丧礼上，儿子说了一句话，深深震撼了我。他

说：

“如果今天离开的是我，活着的爸爸，一定不会怀疑他信了那么多年的上帝，会无缘无故把他的儿子带走。神如此行，一定有祂自己的美意。所以，我要用爸爸的属灵生命，来坚定我和爸爸所持守的上帝。”

原来，神早已在我和孩子们的生命中，行着奇妙的事。当我真正理解——这一切都是神的美意时，我的心，释怀了。向仁在人世49年，却用其中的23年，全心全意地陪伴我、爱我。我其实，是赚到了。

从今以后，我会将对向仁的思念，化为继续前行的力量，继续活出他在世时所展现的那份温柔、忠心、良善的好“仁”品格。

-笔：爱妻，黄燕萍 (Ivy)

——爸爸，我永远的榜样——

我的爸爸，是一个非常负责任的人。他孝顺父母，深爱妻子，是一个近乎完美的丈夫和父亲。

在他身上，我看见了耶稣的身影——他用一生教导我们，如何服侍比自己小、比自己软弱的人，就像耶稣服侍门徒一样；他也教我们怎样活出一个主耶稣喜爱的生命。

爸爸曾经劝我：“上课不要太累，你不是超人。”

爸爸，我也想对你说一句：你也不是超人。

为什么总是把自己逼得那么累？家里的每一件事都做到那么完美，甚至连你回天家的日子——2026年1月1日——也安排得那么完美。

我相信，也正因为爸爸太有责任感，他好像提前完成了自己在世上的使命，然后选择提前回到天父的怀抱，好好休息。

有一天，我打开爸爸的Shopee，想看看他的购物车。我发现一个让我又想哭又想笑的画面：爸爸明明很喜欢打Pickleball，却把一把已经付款的球拍申请了退款。我点进去一看，原来他把球拍拿去照了X-ray，发现少了一层膜。他可能觉得，少了那一层膜，就打不过Johnny叔叔，也打不过Charles叔叔。这就是爸爸——无论在什么事情上，都追求完美，也极其认真、负责任。

我记得爸爸跟我说的最后一句话是：“我很累了，我想休息。”没想到，他就这样安息在主怀里。

我心里有很多后悔。那天明明好久没见到爸爸，为什么不好好跟他说话？为什么没有多抱抱他、多说一句“我爱你”？但我也感恩，至少我见到爸爸最后一面的时候，他是满足的、开心的，是和家人在一起的。

去年考完SPM的那天，爸爸载我回家，他对我说：“

乐乐，你能给爸爸一个机会吗？爸爸想弥补小时候对你缺乏的陪伴。”我当时没有认真听进去，想着：“等我大学毕业、结婚、成家、爸爸退休时再好好聊。”可是我真的很后悔，爸爸那么爱我，而我对他说“我爱你”的次数，却少得可怜。爸爸，请你原谅我。

在救护车里，我和妈妈拼命祷告，我对天父说：“如果你能行神迹，让爸爸醒来，我愿意把自己献上，去最危险的地方，只求你救我的爸爸。”但是，神没有让我爸爸醒来。那一刻，我开始怀疑：天父，你真的听祷告吗？爸爸是那么爱你的人，我却无法理解。

后来，一位爸爸的好朋友、教会的叔叔对我说：经历这样的事情，我们一定会面对魔鬼撒旦的挑战和试探。那一整晚，我思考、挣扎、不明白“为什么”。直到我试着站在爸爸的角度想——

如果今天是我离开，我希望看到我的孩子和妻子，因为我的离去而怀疑信仰吗？还是希望他们，即使经历痛苦，也依然坚定地选择耶稣基督？我相信，这就是爸爸希望看到的。他用一生教我爱，用一生教我服侍。而我，也要在信仰中坚强，活出他所教的样子。

所以，现在，我想对爸爸说：爸爸，我长大了，我会照顾妈妈。虽然我不能像你那样伟大，但我会尽我所能，好好地生活，也好好地爱。

妈妈，接下来，我们一起，好好过生活，好好走信仰的路。

-笔：儿子，许恺乐

爸爸没有真正离开!

一直以来，我都觉得爸爸是这个家里最无用的小零件。他总是坐在沙发上，写着他的分享文章，好像并没有真正参与这个家的运转。直到有一天，他去了韩国参加短宣，我才发现——爸爸其实才是这个家里真正、最重要的大零件。

他总是默默完成每一件事，却从不让我们察觉。爸爸出差后我才发现：不是每一次猫的屋子都会自己变得干净，不是每一次垃圾桶里的垃圾都会刚好不满，不是每一个夜晚家里的门都会自动锁好，也不是随时随地都会有人有空载我放学。我们常常忽略那些为小事付出的人，误以为一切都是理所当然。可事实上，没有任何人的付出是理所当然的。

爸爸会这样做，只因为他爱我们，从不奢求回报。时而严肃、时而幽默的他，从未强调过自己的付出。但我们不该把这一切视为“应该”。在父母的爱面前，我显得如此渺小，远远比不上他们所给予的一切。

后来，爸爸的离开，让我开始怀疑神的存在。就像葬礼上哥哥的分享一样，我无时无刻不希望这一切只是一场梦，盼望会有神迹发生。葬礼的那几天，我每天都听见妈妈一次又一次地剖开自己的伤口，反复诉说爸爸离开时的情景。我多么希望收到的一沓又一沓白

金，能够换回我的父亲；多么希望这些钱可以与上帝交换，把爸爸还给我们。

可是，没有用。

我的心里充满了怨恨——怨恨神为什么带走我的父亲，为什么带走他最忠心的仆人，为什么如此迫不及待地将他接走。我的内心满是苦毒与不解。

直到哥哥在出殡礼拜中的一句话点醒了我：爸爸绝不会希望我们因为他的离开，而去怀疑他这一生所倚靠、所相信的主。将来，他一定盼望我们能在天家与他重逢。

回头看，我才明白，神早已为爸爸的离开做足了预备——让他在离开前见到了在诗巫的奶奶和姑姑一家，也让远在西马的哥哥得以相聚；早在去年，神就为哥哥预备好奖学金，使他顺利地完成学业；也为妈妈留下了一份寄托——我的小小妹。原来，一切早已在上帝的安排之中。

爸爸没有真正离开。

他一直都在——在我们的心里，也在天上陪伴着我们，从未离开。

- 笔：爱女，许恺忻



我一直以为时间很多，多到可以慢慢长大，再慢慢学会好好爱你。可是你却先走了。你离开的那一天，我们才刚一起打篮球。你已经没有力气投篮了，却还是把球传给我，对我说：“Nice。”那一句话，成了我心里永远回不去的声音。

在你离开后我感受到了无尽的害怕，我在想以后好像在也没有人放学载我去吃午餐，吃我想吃的，没有人给我煮西餐，没有人催我做家务，没有人陪我用奇怪的方式打球（用乒乓拍打羽毛球），没有人陪我心情差的时候散步，没有人在我生病的时候带我去看医生，没有人那么的疼我了，爸爸最疼我了，他的爱不在口头而在行动，我不知道自己还需要等多久才能回到天家和爸爸相遇，我对未来感到迷茫，但我也很感恩上帝以这种方式接走爸爸，至少不会痛，也感谢上帝让我们都懂事能够帮助妈妈，虽然爸爸走了，但妈妈也是我最不可获却的人。

爸爸你的样子你的声音会永远烙印在我的心中。

爸爸我想和你说

“爸爸，我爱你，你为我们扛住这个家，我会永远记得。

爸爸，你打球的时候很帅，最帅了。

爸爸，我会努力读书的，不让你失望。

爸爸，我会照顾好妈妈的，

爸爸，你最爱的鞋，等我赚钱了我买多多给你

爸爸，你喜欢的pickleball paddle 我买多多你要怎样的我都买

可是你为什么不等我长大就走了，看我以后中学毕业，看我大学毕业，我还想要你牵着我走进婚姻殿堂，看我以后穿婚纱幸福美满的样子！”

那天你倒在地上，我什么都做不了，只能傻傻站在那里。我多希望倒下的不是你，

多希望只是我听错了。在去医院的路上，我不敢哭，我相信上帝会救你。

我对上帝有信心。可是当我看到那块绿色的牌子，我以为你被抢救回来了。

走进去，却只看到白布盖着一个人。是你。

那一刻，我崩溃了。

靠近你的时候，我仿佛看见你的眼泪，却又看到你脸上安静的满足。也许对你来说，这是解脱，

至今我依然带着不舍。每当我看着别的小孩牵着自己爸爸的手和爸爸一起逛街，一起聊天，一起吃饭，我很羡慕！

我依靠的大树倒了，但我相信有一天我会和我的大树见面的。爸爸！你很辛苦很累吧，那就好好休息吧！

- 笔：爱女，许恺晴

“想和谁说话，就说吧”

当去年9月参加庆柳姐妹，和10月参加峻康弟兄的安慰礼拜后，心里就感动要分享这篇文章。每个星期天在教会重复见到的人，可能是我们相识很多年的朋友，也有可能是每个星期崇拜时和你重复坐在同一个位子的人。我们很多时候总觉得时间有限，总以为还有机会和他（她）说话，便“留下次说”。可能就只是简单的一个微笑、一个招呼，就这样过去了。自那次之后，便告诉自己：见到的人，想说什么就说什么。我们不知道下一次会是几时，甚至一拖，可能就再也没有机会聊天。

而让我提起笔的，没想到就是我这位认识二十多年的 Peter。去了一趟旅行回来，你就不在身边了。人总是会 take things for granted，就因为认识了很久，有了孩子和忙碌的生活，只能成为每个星期在教会打招呼的朋友。虽说多年感情还在，但已经无法明白各自生活的点滴。

对着身边的人，你总是爱开玩笑，但是在事奉和属灵生活上你都很认真。你不容易发怒，也不爱是非。2023 年你从我手上接棒华委宣教，感恩有机会和你配搭，让我们在不同的生活里，又有了一个共同的事奉和话题，也留下了与你一起参加数码短宣和东亚（JB）短宣的回忆。你也是一位做事很细心、也会想很多的朋友。我想是因为你专业的工作，让你成为一位做事谨慎、有条理的人。你很会穿衣服，也很一位很“

摩登”的朋友。将来再见，应该还是你年轻的模样。这个星期翻找了很多我们以前的对话和年轻时的相片，却无法用一篇文章来表达。送不到你最后一程，好像在我和你的关系里失去了一大部分。你爱我们，你的离开提醒了许多身边的朋友去检查自己的身体，但更重要的是，你的生命提醒我们：留给孩子们的是什么？

“当跑的路我已经跑尽了，所信的道我已经守住了”（提后 4：7 下）。没想到，是你让我如此深刻地体会这节经文。

圣经说：“与喜乐的人同乐，与哀哭的人同哭。”对你的离去，身边的朋友可能很快就投入各自的生活。到最后每天要面对的，始终还是自己最亲的家人。对家人来说，这一段是不容易走的路，只有时间，和有一天再见面时候，我们才能明白这许多的“为什么”。无论是在教会，还是在生活圈子里，多说一句话并不是奢侈。“想和谁说话，就说吧。”我们不知道谁会是谁的下一位，甚至是自己，也不敢去想。只能把握机会，哪怕只是一句闲话，或一句简单的关心，都别让它成为遗憾。

谨以此文
献给我的朋友 Peter
林诚谕上



《谢谢你 我的同工》

那天晚上，我默默走进圣堂参加祷告会。一句话也说不出。

坐在你常坐的附近位子，望着十字架，眼泪无法控制地流下来。

在牧养的日子里，总有一些道别，来得太快。

我初到三一堂，第一个走向我、欢迎我、为我祷告的人

，
是你，向仁。

你曾跟我分享，有一次你问自己：“我怎么看桑桑牧师？”

你认真写下几个优点，还满意地笑。

我回你：“你的优点也很多，下次慢慢告诉你。”

你马上笑着说：“不用，不然我会飘上天。”

今天，你听不到，我还是想说——你的生命，你的真诚，值得被见证。这是神在教会中为我预备的同工情谊。

谢谢你和 Ivy 成为我的属灵伙伴。

我们不只是同工，是在主里彼此陪伴、分担、代祷的同行者。

你曾说：“我们都是自卑的人。”

在事工配搭中，你从未轻看，只有尊重与理解。

你常提醒我：

有人叹息，我们一起叹息；

有人喜乐，我们一起感谢神。

挫折时，你对我说：“我们是团队，不要自己担。”

意见难免不同，你也常说：

关系比立场更重要，基督比个人主义更重要。

你做事细致谨慎，从不邀功，只把荣耀归给神。

在我手术前后，你再忙也走进病房，为我祷告。

休养期间，你在安静的角落为我录下祷告。

那些祷告，我珍藏在心里。

你教会我一真正的同行，是在关键时刻，把人带到神面前。

韩国之行，我们四人穿韩服，边走边笑边拍。

那一系列合照，竟成了最后的纪念。

你也曾坐在牧师屋，教禔熹三福，为她确认信仰。

谢谢你，看重教会孩子们的属灵生命。

向仁，你一生温柔、真实、忠心。你不高声，却一直发光。

今天我们不舍，却不是没有盼望。

我们把你交托在主的怀里。

那位你一生所爱、所事奉的主，亲自迎接你。

你常说的那句话，如今成了你的见证：“我知道我所信的是谁。”

谢谢你，我的同工。

在主里，我们再见。

- Rev Belinda 吕桑桑牧师

《4D门徒动起来》

《4D门徒动起来》是一套专门为华人青少年量身设计的1对2青少年门徒培育系列教材，从慕道到成为门徒，通过系统化教学与实操操练，帮助青少年委身基督、传扬福音。这套教材注重生命影响生命，通过陪伴与门

徒训练，培养年轻一代成为主门徒，在信仰上扎根，并乐于领人归主。让我们来一起阅读参加课程后的青少年人所分享的见证吧！

一开始我会去上 4D 课程，是因为朋友跟我说：“这课程很轻松的啦~就像跟朋友聊天分享而已。”结果我一听就心动了，毕竟谁不想要这种“轻松型课程”呢？于是我就报名了~然后上课之后发现——欸，还真的就是这样！哈哈哈哈哈！

从 D1 到 D4，我们一路从确认自己的信仰、到把信仰活出来、再到培养领袖。但最让我印象深刻的是那一堂《展翅高飞迎新生》里面提到两种生命：

- 自我管理生命
- 基督管理生命

结果我一对照.....发现我就是那个“属肉体的人”

☺️——明明已经接受基督，却常常在生活里“翻船”的基督徒。因为我总是很习惯把「自己」摆在生命宝座上，什么事情都自己安排、自己操心、自己掌控，结果就是：不安+混乱。那一课真的狠狠提醒了我要把基督放在生命的宝座上，不论生活是平淡的小日子还是突然冒出来的大挑战，但基督在掌权，心里就会有平安。祂使万事按时成为美好，即使有时候我真的看不懂、搞不清楚、也参不透，但我仍然学习去信靠祂。

我的分享就到这里啦~

耶稣爱你，我也爱你！❤️❤️

- 郑紫萱



我是谢芷妍，是2024至2025年的4D学生。在这一年九个月的学习旅程中，我与其他学员在筱薇顾问的带领下，顺利完成了4D课程。

从D1到D4，我更加认识了自己、教会，以及上帝的话语。我也明白到，我们不仅要在教会里持续侍奉上帝，更要勇敢走向世界，不被困在自己的舒适圈里。

让我印象最深刻的一堂课，是D1的第二课——《肯定自我价值》。我还记得当时顾问拿出一张五十块，问我们那是什么，随后把它丢在地上，甚至踩了它。说实话，这个举动让我震惊了亿点点。接着，顾问向我们解释

，这张钞票即使被糟蹋，依然具有五十块的价值。这个比喻让我深受触动。生活中，我们难免会因看到别人的成绩而开始比较，进而感到自卑，觉得自己没有价值。听了这个比喻后，我学会时刻感恩，并用更正面的眼光看待自己的不足，坚决不让自己陷入“内耗”。因为我深知，上帝一定希望我们好好守护自己的心灵健康。在上帝眼中，我们是无价之宝，任何人或事都无法改变这个事实。

总而言之，我在4D课程中受益匪浅，不仅学会从不同角度去理解上帝的话语，也对信仰有了更深的认识。在此，我要特别感谢我们的导师筱薇顾问，以及与我一同认真学习的两位伙伴，在这段旅程中给予我莫大的精神支持。最后，我深信，只要我们口里承认、心里相信，就能成为耶稣的好门徒

在此，我要特别感谢我们的导师筱薇顾问，以及与我一同认真学习的两位伙伴，在这段旅程中给予我莫大的精神支持。最后，我深信，只要我们口里承认、心里相信，就能成为耶稣的好门徒

- 谢芷妍



我是Tiffany。最近这段学习经历，就像为我开启了一扇新窗，让我感受到一个更立体、更丰盛的信仰世界。这次旅程不仅更新了我的认知，也深刻塑造了我的生命。

在独特中看见恩典，在救恩中得着确据

课程首先帮我建立了健康的自我认知——“每个人都是独特的”。我开始学会欣赏上帝给予我的特质和恩赐，不再盲目与他人比较，而是用上帝的眼光去看待自己和别人。更重要的是，我真正理解了“得救是百分之百的”这个真理有多宝贵。救恩不再是模糊的概念，而是清晰的确据；只要“口里承认，心里相信”，永恒的生命就已属于我。这份坚定的平安，为我的信仰道路奠定了坚实的基础。

在圣经中认识蓝图，在真理中扎根成长

课程系统地帮助我“更深入地了解圣经”。我明白到66卷书并不是孤立的篇章，而是紧密相连、共同呈现神救恩计划的宏大叙事。从旧约的预备到新约的成就，我看到了耶稣基督贯穿始终的爱与拯救。圣经不再是一本难懂的古书，而是我每日汲取亮光和力量的生命地图，指引我在复杂的世界中坚定前行。

在灵修中建立关系，在祷告中亲密相交

“要有灵修和祷告的生活”——这个教导把我的信仰从知识领域带入了关系层面。我意识到，信仰不仅是知道关于神的事情，更是认识神自己。每天的灵修与祷告让我不再只是和一个遥远的神交谈，而是与爱我的天父倾心交流，向祂表达感恩、认罪和求问。这种亲密的连接，让我的信仰从理性的认知转变为真实的生命体验。

在使命中活出呼召，在生活中实践信仰

最后，课程将所有的真理汇聚到一个焦点——如何活出使命的人生。我深刻体会到“做光做盐”的呼召，学会在日常生活中的言行里自然流露基督的爱，也掌握了更清晰的方法去传递福音。重新理解了领导力的真谛

——是“谦卑服侍”的心志。从设定生活中各层面的小目标开始，在实践中学习平衡与成长。课程也重新塑造了我对敬拜的理解：敬拜的核心在于向神献上真心，而不是为了high的氛围，而是为了蒙神的喜悦，在参与服侍时，我学习放下“微不足道”的心态，心甘情愿在每一件小事上忠心。同时，我也拓宽了对“宣教意义”的理解——不仅仅是去到一个地方传福音，更是在日常对神大爱的回应；我可以为远方的宣教士祷告，也能在自己的位置上，通过生活、言语和行动来实践“大使命”的呼召。

这段“4D”信仰旅程，把我的信仰从一个平面的概念拓展成有高度、有深度、有广度和长度的立体生命。它让我在认识自我中看见恩典，在确据救恩中得着平安，在扎根真理中稳步成长，在亲密连结中体验主的爱，最终在实践使命中活出呼召。不仅如此，在4D课程也收获了许多得欢乐时光，大家彼此分享彼此联谊 是我们的关系更加的好。透过4d让我们都能够彼此更多的联系及接。

- 刘琦俊



这三位女孩，我从小就看着她们长大。一个曾经抱着枕头、叼着奶瓶在教会跑来跑去；一个是出了名的爱哭鬼，哭起来会哭到声嘶力竭；还有一个，小小的个子，总是屁颠屁颠地跟在哥哥姐姐身后，来团契。

那些画面仿佛还在昨天。

转眼，她们已经是高中生，也将陆续离开熟悉的环境，走向更大、更多诱惑的世界，继续深造、学习独立。我只想，在她们出发之前，能更认识自己的价值，更认识那位独一的神，也更清楚自己为什么而活。我更期盼，有一天，她们能成为世界的祝福。

于是，我们开始了这一年九个月的栽培。与其说是课程，不如说是一段刻意放慢脚步的陪伴。

一开始，她们都很腼腆。聊天会停顿，问题也不多。更多时候，是我在带着话题走。

慢慢地，气氛变了。

她们开始可以自在地聊天，会主动提出自己在事工上面

对的问题，也会谈到课业压力、同侪关系，甚至一些不容易说出口的挣扎。

从最初的安静，到后来愿意彼此代祷；从不太习惯祷告，到可以为彼此开口。再后来，我们开始一起线上灵修。没有很宏大的计划，只是一天一章，一点一点地读。



有一天，她们无意间说出一句话：

「一天一章，生命发光。」

我愣了一下。那正是当初我发给她们、线上读经频道开场白的一句话。她们只是很自然地说出来，却让我感动了很久。原来，有些话真的会被记住，有些种子，也会在不知不觉中发芽。

在这段时间里，我没有想过要放弃。但我必须承认，我常常心急。这些孩子的生活节奏很快，活动多、课业重，有时候甚至比我还忙。一带三的过程中，我也会想：如果能快一点完成这一轮栽培，就可以再去陪伴其他契友。

但神慢慢提醒我： 陪伴不是任务，生命也不是可以加速完成的进度表。

这一年九个月里，我最大的学习，是站在她们的位置看事情。多听，少说；多理解，少急着给答案。真诚的关怀，她们都会知道。我以为我在陪伴她们成长，其实神也在调整我的节奏，让我学会等候，也学会信任祂在她们生命里的工作。

如今，这一段栽培暂时告一段落。但我知道，这不是结束。我们只是一起走了一段路。神还在她们身上工作，也还在我身上工作。

陪伴，从来不是轰轰烈烈的事。只是一次次坐下来，一次次聆听，一次次祷告。但就在这些看似平凡的时刻里，神悄悄塑造着生命。

如果教会里有更多人愿意放慢脚步，愿意多花一点时间去认识、聆听、陪伴青少年，也许会有更多生命被稳稳托住，在还没有离开之前，就先被爱与真理扎根。

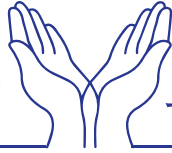
陪伴不一定需要很多方法，却需要一颗愿意长期在场的心。也许你不需要带很多人，只需要愿意陪一两代，走一段路。神会使用这些看似微小的同行，成为下一代生命里的祝福。

会是你吗？

- 导师的话 Louisa Lo



祷告与我



23/12当主办单位找我，问我2025年是否有难忘的祷告经历，并要求我热烈的分享。想在这里问你们下，去年你们自觉自己有特别的祷告经历吗？眨个眼给我反应下，让我看看我是不是那么特别☺。2025的祷告经历，我今天告诉你们。。我当时给秋英他们的答案是。。蛤。。那我没有☺。。是的，没有特别的经历。主办单位找我两天后，就是25号我在2025圣诞节听了泓恩牧师的证道God with us, 神与我们同在，我就知道我错了，我向神认罪祷告。我也有了概念，什么是祷告的经历？基督徒每天有神的同在不就是经历吗？我们通常只把大起大落叫经历，试问下你自己人可以承受几次大起大落？坦白说，不是人人都玩得起云霄飞船的。看最近很多人都排期去验心跳就知道了。☹️

帖撒罗尼迦前书5: 16-18说：
要常常喜乐，不住地祷告，凡事谢恩；因为这是神在基督耶稣里向你们所定的旨意。
是的，要常常喜乐，因为知道神就在我们身边，相信他掌管掌权。要不住的祷告，因为知道神与我们同在，我们不是对着空气说话。要常常谢恩，因为相信他的恩典够我们用，他的时间不迟延。
所以，祷告中经历神是什么感觉？就是每一天，每一刻都在交托给主，亲自感受他的同在，大小事，都不

迟疑直接对神说。如果我们不这样操练，有天真的坐上云霄飞船那刻，你的心有多大可以相信神是在托着你的脚呢？所以，祷告经历其实就是每天都在生活中感受是真实的，他与你同在，你可以何时何处开口对他说话。

这里我也要分享关于rpg祷告我的视角。彼此扶持的祷告是我们很多时候强调的好，最后，其实我们都还是想看到的是多人祷告后自己可以有什么样经历？多人祷告必然大有益处，这你们自己要参与后才你能体会。

在rpg, 我这里其实更想分享的是，彼此祷告后，我更期望看到团队里的弟兄们慢慢经历的改变。可以在他人身上看到神的真实，这更让我期待。神说，你要像棵树，栽在溪水旁，按时候结果子。。
告诉你们，在我rpg的果园里，有3棵果树，一颗红毛丹树，一颗木瓜树，一颗柚子树。不说破，你们应该知道自己是什么水果树。2026希望看到他们可以更多的结出果实，经历神同在和祷告的美。

- 卢颂杰-成团

《爱》，是那把小小的指甲剪》

刚才在陪小儿子睡觉时，突然想起家乡的父母，心中满是感恩——因为有他们，才有今天的我。
我仍清楚记得小时候，家里还没有电风扇，怕热的我常常睡不着。爸爸就用厚纸板为我扇风。我说一句“很热”，他手中的纸板就不停地扇着。那时候的我完全不知道，他们的手会有多酸多累；只是觉得有凉风，才能安心入睡。如果爸爸在家，爸妈还会轮流或一起帮我扇风。那时的我不懂幸福，只觉得这是理所当然。
直到我有了大女儿，我才真正明白什么叫“手酸”。她睡前要我们轻轻拍拍身体，小的时候更要抱着才能睡着。回想起爸爸曾对我说过：“有些事情你现在不明白，等你长大就懂了。”原来就是这个意思。
今天下午，我参与堂会的关怀事工，去到 Sekama 云南上堂，为那里的老人家剪指甲、聊聊天。我第一次去应该是两年前的母亲节（记性真的不好☹️）。那次的我很紧张，因为从来没帮老人家剪过指甲，怕不小心剪到他们的肉。感恩几次下来都平安无事🙏。
也是那一次，我突然意识到——我竟然从来没帮自己

的父母剪过指甲。现在，只要我回家乡探望他们，我都会亲手帮他们剪。小时候是父母替我剪；如今，轮到我来服侍他们。

我心想：既然不能每天陪在爸妈身边帮他们剪指甲，那我就尽我所能去帮助其他需要的长辈们。今天有位老人家问我：“你们多久来一次？”我说：“每个月一次。”她笑着说：“那就好，我今天剪了，下个月你们来的时候又刚刚好。”听到这句话，我心里暗想：只要我有空，我一定会继续去，因为我们要把上帝的爱传出去。

也在此鼓励大家，为 Sekama 云南上堂的长辈们代祷，用行动去爱他们，服侍他们。让我们彼此鼓励、互相关心，因为我们在基督里是一家人。❤️🙏
愿我们都珍惜身边的家人，多陪伴他们。感恩，我们都有家人。🙏大家有美好的一天，上帝爱你哦! 🙏☺️

(日期：11/5/2025-神的女儿)

祂必看顾

这次我回老家看到上帝奇妙的创造也是我所爱的植物之一。

其实前几年我有看过它，可是这次上帝让我看到不一样它。第一眼看到是还以为那是一朵花，再清楚一看原来是露水☺，真的太美了-露水加花朵。上帝创造的一切都甚好。♡♡♡

说起这颗植物是三姨好多年前送给爸爸，当时他非常的开心因为他说是爱心型的叶子哦！（听爸爸说那时只有两个叶子）他用他101%的爱来照顾它可是它就是不长大。一气之下爸爸把它迁移去森林里，心想那儿的空气比较新鲜吧！之后爸爸就没去照顾它甚至忘记它了。☹.☹.☹

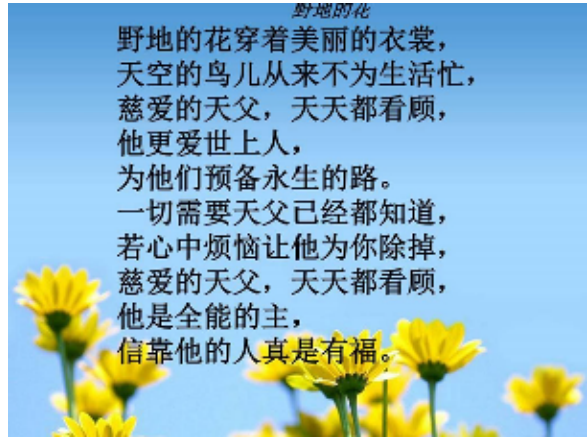
几年后的某一天，爸爸突然间想起它。爸爸去看它，当爸爸看到他时，爸爸非常的开心因为他长得非常茂盛还开了花。它有很多很多的爱心叶子了。爸爸就把它迁移回来☺。

妈妈就跟爸爸说上帝照顾这颗植物哦！

阿门。是的，上帝爱一切祂所造的。我们也是上帝造的所以祂必看顾保守我们🙏祂爱我们🙏

让我想起天韵的一首诗歌-野地的花。我个人很喜欢的一首诗歌，我喜欢诗歌里的歌词。与大家分享。☺☺☺
祝大家有美好的一天☺

- 文：神的女儿



种什么，收什么



当我时常驾车经过我家后面住宅区出口时，我都会看到一位年长的伯伯和他的工人，常常坐在路边“kaki lima”的花圃，认真地种植、拔草。即使在大太阳下，他们也坚持在那里工作。

起初，我不明白为什么他们要这么辛苦，为了什么。

。。

但有一天早晨，我的眼睛被吸引了——原本杂草的“kaki lima”花圃，竟然开满了美丽的太阳花，红点点灿烂绽放！

种什么，就收什么。

如今看到的美丽景色，正是他们长期辛勤付出和耐心照顾的结果。

我们属灵的生命、人际关系、品格也是如此。若我们愿意播下信心、仁爱和坚持的种子，即使过程艰难，到了时候，神会让它开花结果。

这片盛开的太阳花提醒我们：今天的努力，也许暂时看不到成果，但只要不放弃，终有一天会开出美丽的花朵。

“我们行善，不可丧志；若不灰心，到了时候，就要收成。”——加拉太书 6:9

文：灵羽

泰北短宣见证分享

《你不要害怕，因为我与你同在 - 赛41:10》

Olooooo olooo ~ 其实我2024年时，我就跟神约定说：“我要在2025年参加一次短宣！”。来说说我在短宣前的故事，由于短宣和圣诞清唱剧日期相撞，所以只能“牺牲”一个，最后我还是决定参加泰北短宣，但是上帝知道我内心深处最想要的是什么。直到7月中，传道就通知说机票会比较昂贵，所以就提早了短宣日期。于是乎，我发自内心的喜乐，因为我可以唱圣诞清唱剧了！原本只是缺席一次献唱，但是我深知上帝也为我安排原本无法献唱的日期，在8月中被通知将提早献唱。也因为工作缘故，一直想去短宣的我，以为我真的去不到了。我真的很感谢神，虽然去短宣这条路“困难重重”，可是祂却为我安排明明白白。

话说回来，我也是带着期待的心去短宣，我向神祷告，我可以在这次短宣为祂做什么？直到出发短宣前两个星期我还是面对我最不想面对的事情还是发生了。好在我短宣前可以平息，我只能一直不断祷告又祷告，凡事交托。离去短宣时间越近，我心是更多的担忧，在这次的短宣中担任财政，所以就担心钱不够用，我也没为这次短宣预备什么，带了这么多东西过去会不会被当地海关问话呢？等等。其实，担忧的心还是不少。直到短宣之旅开始，我们就遇到“风暴”，上帝垂听我们每个人的祷告，祂也顾念我们需要。我们12个人虽然来自不同的家庭背景，文化，不同语言，却因着神的爱聚集在一起。放下我们原有的忙碌的工作，服事，在整个行程有欢笑，不过该认真的时候就认真。在这次的短宣，我真的感受前所未有的喜乐，我也说不清为什么，就是很喜乐。其实在第二天晚上的outreach，因为我们与新加坡的短宣团队同步进行，只不过当晚的节目是由他们呈现。他们呈现一部有

关“天堂与地狱”的短剧，深深打动了我的内心，因为真真实实地演示出了我们每个人的样子。值得我们反思，我们有没有回到上帝的面前呢？直到第三天要结束早晨灵修时，传道在祷告前突然说出，我可以感受到你们当中有喜乐。当天下午我们练习跳舞，就收到有两位要受洗的，要我们前往一同见证，直到洗礼结束后，当地的牧师带领我们领圣餐。结束圣餐礼仪，我们要启程回去，就向屋主握手道谢，我就看见那位被洗礼的妇女在哭时，我自己也有想哭，不过忍住泪水，上前跟她握手和拥抱，跟她说：上帝赐福你（当地的语言），我自己也可以感受到这份喜悦。这短宣也让我意想不到的，为当地学校举办的英语营会，使用游戏来教导他们英语，只不过，真的难倒我了，好在有当地的同工配搭，因为语言障碍，也使用了电话翻译。感谢神，一切都顺利进行。小朋友他们的热情也吓到我了。我也默默地祷告，愿神赐福这群孩子健康，也爱祂的心都这么热情。最后，在这次难民营的报佳音中，我也有很深的体会，其中一家最让我印象深刻，在我们唱圣诞歌的时候，那位妇女也是拍手摇头唱歌，虽然她家没有明亮的灯光，可是我可以看得出她很喜乐，当为她送上礼物时，她一直不断地说谢谢。给我很大的反思，虽然难民营的报佳音没有豪华屋子，没有贵重礼物，没有大肆喧哗，只是那点点的繁星好似颗颗明珠，镶嵌在天幕下，闪闪地发着光。在山上最后一晚，师母为我们每个人预备卡片，原本是用抽的方式，最后还是由师母一一分配，轮到这时，我拿到这段经文：“你不要害怕，因为我与你同在。（以赛亚书41:10）”，顿时，我也没想这么多，就当作为卡片（故事还未结束）。





直到回到古晋，我也开始我忙碌的生活，当时我已经开始预备圣诞节"一系列"的服事，并没有真正回想到泰北短宣。忙碌圣诞节后，我的"风暴"还是来临了，剧情再次上演，我还是带着惧怕和无奈的心去面对。当时所有的预约，我甚至也拒绝，也说谎了。我好累，身心疲惫，原本要在截止日期前呈交的见证篇，也就是你们现在看的这篇见证，我也有心无力写出。那一个星期多，我埋怨也埋怨，我甚至也咒诅。还记得那夜一月二号，我真的很无助到我只能向神祷告说：我想听祢的声音。。那祢就派一位来跟我说话。直到星期日，上帝真的就派一位，没有提早的预约，就是上帝的安排之下，这段经文出现在她电话显示出来："你不要害怕，因为我与你同在。（以赛亚书41:10）"当下的我没有哭泣，只是我终于明白，其实上帝已经用祂的话语对我说话了，只是我还不明白。上帝没有应许信靠祂就会一帆风顺，但祂应许在苦难中与我们同在，赐给我们有充足的能力，使我们可以勇敢面对生活中一切的挑战。

- 文：Alice Tang 嫦菁

2026



COMBINED CELL GROUP CHINESE NEW YEAR GATHERING

