

Testimony Today

Greetings to all the brothers and sisters! I'm 科敬, a second-generation Christian. My parents named me after the Proverbs of Bible: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." I tried my best to be a good student during my school life, and I went to church with my parents when I was little. Although I heard about Jesus and Bible stories, I thought the most important thing in my life at that time was to get good grades. Christianity didn't change my life at all. It seemed like I didn't deeply know about God.

One day when I was a senior high school student, a preacher was sharing sacrificial love of Jesus. I suddenly realized how great is the love of Jesus. If someone makes mistakes, he must pay the prize. If he couldn't pay the prize, then maybe his parents or his friends could pay for him. However, if that prize is to pay with one's life, will his parents or friends still pay for him? I reflected that maybe I can help someone who is important to me, but can I suffer for them. If so, how about dying for them? Jesus sacrificed on the cross for the sinners. He paid the penalty in our place so we could reconcile to God and get eternal lives. How great is the sacrificial love! From that time on, I realized that this faith and Christianity wasn't merely knowledges or stories anymore.

Greetings to all the brothers and sisters! I'm 筠芝. I went to church with my mom when I was little. At first, I just came to church to listen stories and play with kids. Then I realized Jesus as a Savior in a car accident when I was a fourth-grade student. My left leg was broken and I understood that life is not in our hands but in God's hand. I can't make everything stick to my plans.

I started to take church gathering serious, and rethought what this faith is. I experienced God is so true and precious to me through church mentor's accompany. I even experienced that God lead me through my important moment from passing teacher certification test with a perfect graduate degree. Also, I experienced that my father believed in Jesus and was baptized when he was suffering from cancer. In the past, I thought it was hard for my father to believe in Jesus because he is a traditional Hakka person, very stubborn. My father once said to me, "You can believe in Jesus, but I will still worship my ancestors." But thank God, my father was willing to know about God through reading the Bible because of the unceasing prayer, love, and visiting from the big family in church. There's nothing impossible with God. He does great things too marvelous for people to understand. I think that believing in Jesus is such a right decision in my life.

I was dating with my wife in 2017. Through the counseling by our church, we soon decided to commit to each other and entered into marriage in the August of 2018. Like many new couples, we were looking forward to having a baby. It was in the October. You can imagine how joyful we were to prepare everything it needs for a new coming gift from God and the new identity as of "parents". Everything moved so smoothly. We also had given the name of our first child, 予恩, meaning a gracious gift from God. We also expect 予恩 will be a blessing to both families. Amid the joy, we were totally not aware that a storm was emerging ahead of us and will soon changed our life up-and-down.

Some day in April when we were driving back home, I was sitting in the front passenger seat. All of a sudden, a head-on collision car accident occurred. The car in the opposite lane was out of control and hit us badly. I was so shock and thought Oh! God, why this? I felt extremely painful and could barely breathe. I was already six months pregnant at

that time. When unlocking the seat belt, I was deeply worried that I may lose the baby.

Because the driver of the opposite lane was way over speed, he failed to control the car when trying to make a turn. My car was smashed. My wife was stuck in her seat. No matter how much effort I tried, I still cannot open the door to pull her out. Seeing her painful face and sweating body, I was crying to God for help. It is like a year-long waiting when I finally see the ambulance coming to site. I hold my wife's hands, praying for her. At that moment I felt so helpless and so worried I may lose the baby.

After arriving in emergency room and taking a series of physical checks of my wife's status, we were told that the baby has lost the heartbeats. I felt devastated at hearing of this. It was like a death penalty and I couldn't accept it. I kept begging doctor to do his very best to save my child. However, it was all in vain.

Doctor told me that my wife's organs were pushed up and compressed her lungs. He found a hole in her diaphragm and several complex surgeries were needed. My wife was a kind of person who fears the pain badly. However, I signed the surgery consent form as well as patient's critical conditions notice without second thoughts. I had no choice.

During the surgery, it was like an endless waiting. I was told several times that they would need to cut off her organs here and there. If necessary, the doctor would also cut off her womb. Devastating news one after another, I could do nothing but kept praying for God's power to save my wife.

I was once sober when turning to ICU from ER, and I heard the doctor and nurses discussing, "Poor woman for she had such trauma. Does she know her baby's gone?" "How fair her skin is! She used to be pretty, right?". However, what I really wanted to know was what exactly had happened to me. Why were they saying that? And yet, I felt dizzy and then fell asleep because of the anesthetic in my body. During the period, I woke up several times and prayed to God, "Oh Lord! Though I have no idea what parts of my body are injured, I believe in You and Your plan. Therefore, I prayed for all the injured parts. Please make them recover...". I was praying while falling asleep. There was another time I woke up because of the pain from intubation, not knowing there was not just one tube for tracheal intubation on my body but at least 6 tubes for drainage and intravenous infusion. All I felt was pain and I couldn't move since my hands were tighten along with gloves on the bed. However, I did everything I could to make others notice the message I was trying to deliver, hoping somebody could comfort my pain. If no one had ever told me the situation of mine, I wouldn't have realized that how fierce I was, making not only my wrists bruised, but the gloves covered in blood. I urged to express my affliction to the medics if they could deliver me painkillers to ease my pain. For this reason, the medics told my family that I had been too emotional and trying to be free from the intubation. My family members couldn't come to see me in ICU due to pandemic outbreak. They were extremely concerned about me for they were not sure what was going to happen afterwards.

Because of the serious injury, 筠芝 had to stay in ICU for observation after having the surgical operation. ICU policy allowed the visiting once a day in a certain period. However, they prohibited the visiting when the COVID-19 outbreak got worse. I shed my tears every day, hoping that I could see her soon and expected her recovery gradually. Therefore, I kept checking with the doctor on her status all the time and asking when she could leave ICU.

I nearly fell to pieces for what we had encountered. Thankfully, Pastor Tung, Minister Tung, other brothers and sisters had been praying for us, encouraging us with the book of Psalm. Also, I was grateful for my mother-in-law who had been praying with me, pleading our Lord that we could put on the full armor of God. Meanwhile, she cared about my health conditions in case I was worn out. On the other hand, I had to give thanks to the chief of choir, our choir, and the band for modifying the favorite hymn of 筠芝 to cheer her up.

On the fifth day of being in ICU, 筠芝 eventually could communicate with me though with intubation. The very first conversation we had after the accident was through a white board. She wrote, "I was in pain. However, I believe in the will of God for His plans are to prosper us and not to harm us, and plans to give us hope and a future." In addition, she drew a smile on the board and seemed to let us know that she was good. Right after that, I was deeply touched and couldn't help weeping. Being kind and sweet, she didn't want us to be worried about her even she herself was suffering. Moreover, she encouraged us with the word of God that in Jesus we found peace and hope.

When I was in the intensive care unit, I recalled my father's intubation in the intensive care unit. I could instantly understand his mood at that time, waiting for the passage of time with all kinds of beeping machine sounds, all kinds of wails from the nearby beds and the sound of nurses pushing the hospital bed, Enduring the side effects of nausea, vomiting and even hallucination brought by different painkillers for 24 hours. I thought that it was really impossible to let people know the pain and the mood with words. While I felt astonishing and amazing for these experience, I also prayed to God: "Lord, I believe that you love me, Although I don't know what my condition is, since you have saved my life, I believe you will be responsible for me so that I can definitely recover."

After nearly a week in the intensive care unit, I prayed to God, "Lord! Easter is coming. Please let me see the power of your resurrection before Easter. " Thank God, God let me transfer from the intensive care unit to the general ward before Easter, and God also wonderfully fulfilled my little wish to live in the single ward for one day to experience the quiet life of the ward before I was discharged.

I have always believed in the Scripture that God gave me at the beginning of my awakening. The Lord said, I know that my thoughts toward you are thoughts of peace, not of disaster. But at that time, I really didn't know that I would face a long and painful recovery road.

I heard from the doctor that it was a very big accident that happened to me. When I first came to the general ward, I asked the doctor how long it would take for my injury to recover? The doctor looked at me in embarrassment and said, "I can't give you an answer... Because there were only few people have suffered such serious injuries." When I went back to the hospital for the third time, I asked the doctor when I could return to my normal life. My attending doctor blurted out, "You almost died a few months ago. Your body needs more time to return to its original state!" Later then, I was sent to the emergency department because of the pain, but after half of a day, the doctor said, "We can't explain why it hurts so much, because you have had such a big operation, there may be too many factors, unless you have a new operation."

During the recovering period, it was just too painful for me to fall asleep. With the thousand drops of tear, the heart-tearing breathing and the horrible sounds of shifted fracture, all I could do was only struggling every day and night. Not only the wounds

in my body but also the enormous pain after the surgeries. Even worse than that, accompanied with the stretching of daily gestures was the endless torturous hurt until now. At the very beginning when I got home, I always tossed and turned at night with grief and mourning. It really affected my husband 科敬. However, all he could do was just waking up and giving me some patting. One night, I was waken up by some noise nearby. I found out that my husband was keeping patting the pillow and said, "It still hurts? Feel better now?" It was so obvious that how much stress he was bearing.

I'm a person afraid of hurt. Nevertheless, I thought that I could miraculously bear the pain from the car accident. One day, one of my families told me that, "I wish that I could replace you to bear the pain." I remember that I replied, "It's better not to...these scars and pain were truly unbearable. Just let me take it by myself." On the other hand, I felt that God has good sense of humor. When I traced back the whole event, I was the one who has the most complete insurance plan among the five people on the car. Yes, indeed! God always get well prepared for us!

To be honest, after suffering all the pain of the accident, I was deeply terrified when having an injection before leaving hospital. All I could do was getting myself mentally prepared again and again. Those experiences were horribly painful, so I asked God, "My Lord, it's really torturous for me. I don't want to suffer anymore. Shall I be taken to Your place? If not, what's Your plan on me and what should I do for You?" The answer from God is to praise Him! No matter how harsh the environment is, God is worthy to be praised! God could turn our mourning into joyful dancing and change the Valley of Baka into a place of springs. God's might never changes. He's our shepherd and lead us through the darkest valley.

Besides the busy rushing between hospital and company, the legal processes of the car accident truly messed up my mind. The perpetrator only left a phone message to express that he would take the whole responsibility. After that, he was just about to disappear. According to our private investigation, the perpetrator had several criminal records of assault and drug taking. His wife was also sent into the same hospital with 筠芝. We were worried about that if he was accused, would he take revenge on us during the late nights. Thank our Lord! Pastor encouraged us that Jehovah is our fortress and shelter. We will fear no evil. Since then, I was strengthened and brave enough to deal with all the upcoming events. We really appreciate the professional legal consulting from brothers and sisters. We were also grateful for the free help from Association for Victims Support (AVS), so that the litigation and follow-up claims could successfully proceed without consuming our time and mind.

In addition to physical pain, for a mother, the pain of losing a child is not hard to fathom – albeit she has yet to be born. I cried twice on the hospital bed because of mentioning this daughter whom I had yet to hug and never even seen. I knew in my heart that she was safe in Jesus' arms, but I still miss her. I am grateful to my many spiritual elders and my own experience which have strengthened me with the hope of heaven so that I can meditate: as children of God, is not our purpose of raising children to hope that our next generation will trust God, serve God and share the glory of God in heaven in the future? Now that 予恩 is in heaven, isn't this already the ultimate hope of being a parent? God also comforted me through the poem "Song of Jochebed". Jochebed is the mother of Moses. This song reminds me that the true master of life, the true parent, is not someone else, but the Lord Himself. God is the Lord of life, my daughter is also in His hands, and God loves her more than I do.

In this accident, God adjusted my perspectives. In the past, in pursuit of career success

and promotion, I devoted most of my time to work. I used to work nearly 50 hours of overtime in a month, left work at midnight for consecutive days, and even worked for 14 consecutive days. It seems like I got something, but actually I didn't catch anything, I got nothing. Life will be more valuable and meaningful if we spend more time with family, in serving and being close to God, or loving and caring for others instead of working hard.

At the end of last year, I had the opportunity to eat with Mama Ye. Mama Ye is retired from Public Bank. She suggested that I transfer to Public Bank for development so that I can take care of family and work. I also thank God for the opportunity to recruit exams at the end of last year, so I signed up for the exam. Although time is limited while working and studying, I thank God for his leadership as His grace is beyond our expectations. In the fierce competition of choosing 2 out of 20, I passed the exam and entered public banking. The new company is close to my home, I go to work at 8:50 in the morning, have a break at noon, leave work at 6:00 on average, and experience reduced pressure. This is all prepared by God. In addition, because the two families accompanied us through this difficult time, we had a closer relationship with each other's families. We are now more accepting of one another and pay more attention to how to intercede and help each other in God's love.

Thank the Lord for allowing us to witness God's glory and miraculous deeds. The Book of Ruth mentions: "May you be blessed by Jehovah, and your last grace is greater than before." God's grace is far beyond ours. One year after the accident, God once again blessed us with a precious child. We will name the baby "Little Cloud", hoping that the child can become a cloud-like witness and testify to the power of God.

We are able to share with you our story which was not easy for us. Not because we are strong, but because of God's grace and protection. Also because of many unceasing prayers by brothers and sisters, some prayed for us every day, some wrote prayer request for us, some strengthened us with God's words every day. As well as, who provided all kinds of information needed for recovery, and sent us all kinds of supplements to care for our needs. It is impossible to count all the kindness we have received from all of you, and express how much we were deeply loved and cherished. Although this accident carved countless scars on our bodies and life, but God will always turn our brokenness into a glamorous sign to proclaim His glory and power. May every scar in our lives become a golden scar that declares God's glory and healing. Because our God is the God who plans to give us hope and a future!