With Carol joining the MCPC Post Team as English editor, this will be the last editorial written by me for our English readers. Being a manager on the board that oversees the church’s property management and finance, a Sunday school teacher, a planner for some of the church’s regular events and helping in many other activities, Carol’s awareness of what goes on at our church and the needs of our brothers and sisters will help her to contribute to the MCPC Post and to identify the contents that are of interest to our readers. We welcome Carol onboard.

Our readers may have already established a pattern of what to look for, according to when it is published in the MCPC Post. Around this time of the year, we can usually expect to see promotional material for VBS and Labour Day Retreat. You got it right! Kristen presents to us in her piece titled “International Spy Academy: Agents of the One True God” the curriculum for this year, as well as the efforts that the committee has put in to promote this year’s VBS, to attract parents not only from inside, but also outside of the church to send their children to the camp. Carol, in her piece promoting Labour Day retreat, invites us to spend a weekend in the nature to find the answer to how to live “In the World but not of the World”. We will read something common in both pieces, as each committee has been working hard to provide the maximum from minimum. How did they work it out? Find out in their articles.

Testimonies from brothers and sisters are important to church life, whether it is verbal or written. In this issue, we have testimonies written for MCPC Post by Iris and Pauline (Iris’ mother - in - law). Learning that the concerted efforts from several churches have resulted in Iris’ grandmother and parents being brought to the Lord, we know that all Christians belong to one family, and when it comes to the Lord’s work there should not be any boundary separating churches. Pauline’s piece is a witness of how, in her illness, the Lord has created an opportunity for her to taste the love from her family and this Christian family.

After “Unending Story” performed by Grace Melodia, both Kristen and Carol shared their testimonies on Mother’s Day. Both of them started with a worry that they could not make it through because of time and language issues. The Lord has shown His kindness to them and completed what He Himself had started. Their testimonies are printed here, as per what Carol said in her testimony, to maintain the spark to keep the fire aflame.

Pastor Ho’s piece on having a correct approach towards illness is perhaps an antidote to our recent sadness when hearing the news of members having to be confined in hospital or of their deaths. We thank Pastor Ho for delivering to us the words of comfort and encouragement.

As usual, we have also printed some pictures capturing events that have taken place since the last publication. Enjoy your reading!
Me? Write an Editor’s Note? How does one even go about doing that? I have to admit that I have had a serious case of writer’s block for the past couple of weeks. Ever since I took on the role of proofreader for the last issue of the MCPC Post and knew that I would step up as editor for this issue, I’ve been scrambling my brain to come up with something interesting to write about. After what seemed like countless hours of brainstorming, I figured I could probably write about what has led me to this point.

When I was little, I used to have a great passion for writing. Whether it was for school essays, little letters to my friends, or daily entries in my diary, I never passed up the opportunity to jot down my thoughts. However, as the years went by and with the hustle and bustle of life, I found myself lacking time to indulge in what used to be one of my favourite hobbies. Although this does not mean that I did not appreciate a good piece written by other people. I’ve always admired those to whom writing came off as such an easy task. I remember that every time I read one of Linda’s editorial pieces for the MCPC Post, I was so impressed by how she naturally had a way with words that was almost intimidating. For that reason, when my mom first approached me to take on the role of editor, I was terrified and could not run away fast enough, and so I compromised and took on the role of proofreader for the last issue.

However, as I read through all the captivating stories and testimonies from our brothers and sisters, I was drawn in by how each author had their own unique and individual way of expressing themselves through writing and a tiny flame rekindled in me. I’ve once been told that “your calling is where your passion meets the world’s needs”, and it was made clear to me that God was asking me to step outside of my comfort zone and take on a bigger role on the MCPC Post team, so I humbly accepted to become the new editor. I’m extremely grateful to be working alongside such talented individuals (albeit many of whom are members of my family), each with their own individual set of skills that contribute to the successful production of this newsletter. Before now, I could have never imagined how much work putting together this small publication of ten pages on average entailed. I would also like to especially thank Linda for all of her hard work and commitment throughout the years, being one of the MCPC Post’s original creators, who even stayed onboard as proof-reader after moving to Houston. Now that’s dedication!

I know that I have some seriously big shoes to fill, but I pray to God that He will guide me each step of the way, that I can continue to learn by experience, and that I may be used as a messenger to speak to the hearts of our readers. Thank you all for allowing me this wonderful opportunity to serve in this ministry. To many more issues to come!
In this publication, I would like to talk about “illness” as a result of having to frequently visit hospitals, both for myself, as well as for our brothers and sisters staying there. Many of us agree with the saying that health is a blessing. Living on earth, we are very vulnerable – our body is a complex structure and its well-being depends on the proper function of all of its parts. If there is a single part that fails to work, we will get sick and in extreme cases, this sickness will lead to death. “Those who are ill need a medical man” – said Jesus. When we are sick, we go see doctors; when we face people battling illness we could not help but meditate on the issue of life and death. Moses said in Psalm 90 – “The length of our days is seventy years— or eighty, if we have the strength; yet their span is but trouble and sorrow, for they quickly pass, and we fly away.” For life is vulnerable and short, we have to live it out meaningfully.

Paul taught us in Romans 14:8 “If we live, we live to the Lord; and if we die, we die to the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.” The length of our life, long or short, is not as important as how we live for Jesus – for even when we die, we also die for Jesus. What Christians wish to see is that their life is not wasted, but rather lived out for the Lord and for His praise.

Illness is part of life, nobody is immune from it. We need to look at it with a right attitude. When on earth, Jesus healed all who came to Him for healing - with no exception, even those He challenged at first. Jesus told us that some illnesses are caused by our sin, whereas some are brought to us to let the Lord reveal His glory. If it is our own sin that has brought an illness to us, we could ask the Lord for His forgiveness and be healed. If it is the Lord’s purpose to have His name glorified, we have to accept that our illness will be used to serve out the purpose of revealing His glory. “But he was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us peace was upon him, and by his wounds we are healed.” – Isaiah 53:5

When we are struck by illness, we may ask our brothers and sisters to pray for us, because The Bible says that when we pray to His Father in Jesus name, He will grant us what we ask for.

The best support to the ill is our Christian love and care. We should ask ourselves how well we fare in this respect. The Bible tells us to love and pray for one another; and it is the Lord’s will that we look after each other’s well-being. By doing so, we will let people know about our Christ.
I did not understand why God kept showing me this verse over and over for many months until everything started, like a domino effect...

Last year, our family struggled with the health condition of both of my grandmothers. Many times, the hospitals would call and warn us to be prepared for the worst. It was the first time in my life that I experienced this type of fear: fear that I would lose a loved one, but even more importantly, fear that I may never see them again and fear of their ultimate destiny. I felt pain and sadness each time I thought about the salvation of my whole family. I love each one of them so much but felt discouraged knowing that there was nothing I could do besides praying and waiting. Only God can melt hearts and only God can save. It can only be by His mercy and grace, in His time. Many nights, I cried out to the Lord to have mercy on my family, “Lord, please! Please save my family!”

As I shared my struggles with Pastor Ho who attempted to share the gospel with my grandma, through translation by Mr. and Mrs. Chen, he comforted me and told me not to be discouraged, but instead to pray to God to sustain my grandma’s life until someone would share the gospel with her, which I did. But deep inside my doubtful heart, I did not know how this was possible...

Yet God is gracious and merciful: we found a caretaker for my grandma and I was comforted to learn that she was Christian. Though she spoke Cantonese, she tried to learn a few simple words to communicate with my grandma. Many times she would comfort me, saying she was praying on my behalf for my grandma’s salvation, and that she was trying to arrange for her pastor to come share the gospel with my grandma. All these years, I didn’t even know there are Taiwanese pastors in Montreal! However, I doubted the possibility of anything coming to pass because the pastor didn’t even know us.

Nothing is impossible with God. Sure enough, a few people from the Alliance Church came to visit my grandma and shared the gospel with her. Despite the fact that she had been a Buddhist all her life, despite the fact that she did not go to school and would never understand major theories, my grandma, at the age of 98, accepted Christ last year. It was a miracle! Praise the Lord!

I learned that our gospel is very simple and salvation does not have to be complicated. I witnessed the love and care of Christians who deeply understood the meaning of sharing the gospel to the lost. It did not matter which church I attended, it did not matter that we were strangers. All that mattered was the saving of a soul, even though it seemed to be an impossible mission. Through this experience, I realized that I have been devoting my life to serve inside a church instead of being the church, but God said,

“Therefore go and make disciples of all nations...”
(Matthew 28:19 NIV)
Despite this wonderful miracle, I did not share this salvation news with my parents. I did not want to start a fight at home about religion, and I felt that I was satisfied knowing God had saved my grandmother. But I guess God had other plans.

As you all know, most of my time last year was spent in hospitals, taking care of my family. One by one, they went in the hospital for different reasons. The Lord kept reminding me to “be strong and courageous.” I kept telling myself, “Simply trust and obey.”

Slowly, I saw God’s hand over my family despite the trials. God melted my parents’ hearts when my mom was in the hospital. In the midst of her weakness and loneliness at the hospital, God gave her peace and comfort by showing her a bright shining cross in the middle of the night. Many brothers and sisters of our church visited her, prayed over her and gave her strength and hope. Her life would never be the same again. Then miracle after miracle, our whole family felt God’s presence and protection more than ever.

Never in my life had I thought that my grandma and my parents would come to Christ. Pastor Cherng said, it was necessary for my parents to accept Christ in order for my grandma to have a Christian funeral ceremony. It was a way for God to show our family His love and grace for my grandma’s death.

A few weeks after my grandma’s death, my parents called me from Florida to tell me that they had made a public declaration to accept Christ as their Savior. They were happy and excited to tell me how much they were enjoying their church experience, their fellowships and the Bible studies. What an amazing transformation! God is so gracious!

I could have ended my testimony with this happy ending. But it wouldn’t be a truthful and full testimony. Because as human beings, we somehow tend to forget about God’s wonders in our lives and live life our old ways when things go well... Just like the Israelites who grumbled against God after the countless miracles in the wilderness, I too started to worry. Somehow I felt responsible to guide them and help them through their Christian walk. I worried that once my parents would return from Florida they wouldn’t get their spiritual nourishment from our church because there is currently no Mandarin ministry or Bible studies offered. Having been here for many years, I know how frustrating it can be to not be able to know how to read the Bible and be spiritually nourished. My worries soon turned into desperation and I soon fell into the trap of complaining.

As you all know, I attend BSF (Bible Study Fellowship) on a weekly basis. Every week this year, as I opened the Bible to do my BSF homework, God would rebuke, teach, remind or encourage me. Book by book, chapter by chapter, it was as if God had planned it all along that I would study the life of Moses this year with BSF. From the studies of Exodus and Leviticus, God showed me His grace and love for my family and He still performs wonders and miracles. As I studied the book of Numbers, I learned that I am as forgetful and sinful as the Israelites: I learned that each time I complain or gossip, I’m sinning against God, telling Him that I am not happy with the life He has planned for me (I’m still a work-in-progress in this area of my life). And finally, as I studied Deuteronomy, I was once again reminded to remember God’s blessings for my family, and to continue to “be strong and courageous,” to simply “trust and obey.” God knew what I was going through, and He knew exactly what I needed to learn from His Word to go through each week. How precious is the Word of God! Every single Word in the Bible can be alive and relevant in our lives when we let Him guide our footsteps.

As it turns out, an old friend of my dad’s learned that he and my mom have now accepted Christ and told them that he is an elder at the Alliance Church. Since my parents’ return from Florida, he has brought them around to different churches. My parents are now super busy every week with all the fellowship groups and Bible studies. Clearly, I had been worrying too much!

“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 NIV)

God knows that my parents are thirsty to know more about Him, and I know He will continue to guide them through... Just as He has always guided me. I simply needed to have the strength and courage to trust and obey that God will take care of my family.

Are you praying for unsaved loved ones? Do not be discouraged, for God is faithful. Share your burdens. I’m confident to say that if my parents came to Christ so quickly, it was because I wasn’t praying alone.

Are you going through hardships? Be strong and courageous, for the Lord is with us wherever we go.

Praise the Lord, for He is good always!
Kristen’s GM Sharing

At the beginning of the year, I attended one of our church’s Outreach planning meeting, and Pastor Ho announced that a Cantonese group (Grace Melodia Group) would be holding a special Chinese evangelistic event (drama) in Montreal during Easter weekend this year. We were to co-host with 3 other Chinese churches. I was very excited about this because we hadn’t had this kind of big event for a long time, and it would be great to work with other Brothers and Sisters in Christ of other churches to spread the gospel. I didn’t know what area I would be to help out in at that time but I was really looking forward to it.

In February, Pastor Ho invited Carol and I to represent our church to be part of the joint choir that would be doing background singing for GM during their skit. This did not sound like an easy task because we only have 3 practices before teaming up with them, and it required us to learn the songs by heart in Cantonese and Mandarin. This was a huge challenge for us time wise, and language wise. I personally have a very short memory and reciting lyrics requires more work. At first, I wasn’t sure if I was ready for this, I was very tired because I was still going through the early stages of pregnancy at the time and I also have a 1.5 year old at home to take care of. I prayed and asked God if this is what you want me to do, I’ll give it a try. I remember around 12 years ago, I was also part of a similar event, but I had to quit because of my university studies in Toronto. I missed that opportunity, and I definitely didn’t want to miss this one. So I decided to go to the first practice and see how it goes and go from there. To our big surprise, the first choir practice was very fruitful for us. Pit-Ling, the choir director from Montreal Baptist was able to carry the whole choir through the songs right away. I was already able to feel the spirit that was present at that first practice! It was such a blessing to be able to prepare ourselves to serve our Lord with people from different background churches. And soon, language barrier and reciting lyrics became natural to me. I felt God holding my hands along and got me through. When GM arrived on Thursday and we had our first joint practice, I was very touched by their passion for serving. Most of them drove 6 hours all the way from Toronto and were still able to set up and practice the best they could when they arrived to Montreal. Each day during rehearsal, they would have someone share a short message with us. Most of them had put their busy lives aside to come all the way here.

There was also a family with 2 young boys. The parents were both part of the skit. I was amazed by their dedication, and thought, I need to stop finding excuses to serve as well. I remember a message that Tommy had shared with us that was stuck in my mind this whole time... We are often preoccupied with what is rush, but we forget what is important. This weekend, I felt so renewed, and refreshed. I found new meaning and purpose to my life.

God is amazing, you never know how he will challenge you in life. Sunday, we all got to Pentecostal Church in a hurry after Sunday service for practice. Everything went well, the crew was also able to set up their equipment as quick as they could. One hour before the event, we suddenly experienced a power outage. Usually when something like this happened, I would be worrying and trying to help find solutions. But for some reason, we were all very calm. We all decided to leave it to God and trust in Him fully. At 7pm, the worship hall was a full house in the blackout. We had decided to do this without all the technology, with only one piano and 3 pianists. It was a very touching moment when GM started to lead the worship. Amazingly, the the songs they had chosen really represented the whole situation... The lyrics were saying “In the worst unexpected storms, we know that God, You are faithfully with us.” And also, “In the light of Your grace, we will worship You”. I really felt that Jesus Christ was present and leading our way in the darkness. He is the Light of our life. All this wouldn’t have happened without Him. Technology, preparation is all-manmade. But only God is in control of everything. This Easter Sunday, I really felt that Jesus Christ had risen, and was with us. He is everywhere, even in the worst time. This was God’s plan to remind me what my responsibilities are as a Christian - to help spread His light in the darkness for those that have not yet found the Light. This was a once in a lifetime experience that will be kept forever. I hope that the fire in me will also continue to burn.
When Pastor Ho first approached me about joining the choir for Easter weekend, I was very hesitant. The mere thought of squeezing in the numerous practices it entailed into my busy schedule made me extremely nervous, not to mention that the songs would all be in Cantonese and Mandarin. I can usually get by singing a Chinese song with pinyin, but I had decided that the challenge of learning them by heart on top of that was one that would just be too difficult for me to take on. It was only when Kristen told me that she would join that I thought ok, I’ll go check it out, just to say that I gave it a fair chance. So I went into the first practice with a pessimistic attitude, thinking that my doubts & concerns would soon be confirmed, and that I would not return for a second practice. Little did I know that God had an entirely different plan for me.

Our first meeting was so uplifting that I was immediately convinced to return. To see all of the brothers & sisters from different Montreal churches coming together and creating such a beautiful sound was truly an inspiration. At that moment I knew that this would be such an enlightening experience for me, and that God had placed me there for a reason. As the weeks progressed, I found myself looking forward to each practice, eager to find out which songs we would be covering that evening. Through the power of God and with the help of our amazingly skilled teacher Pit Ling, I somehow managed to learn all the songs the best I could. Many times during practice, I would be so touched with the presence of the Holy Spirit that I could not hold back my tears. But nothing could prepare me for the wonderful roller coaster of emotions that our weekend with Grace Melodia would lead to.

I participated in two out of the three nights of this evangelistic event, the first, and the last. I remember that after the first night’s performance, I was so overwhelmed with emotions that the mere thought of the experience would cause me to bawl like a baby. I found myself encouraging all those around me to attend Saturday or Sunday’s performance because I wanted to share this feeling with them. I couldn’t wait for them to also witness the beautiful story of Jesus’ death and resurrection told by all of God’s children, using the talents that they had been blessed with.

On Sunday afternoon, we made our way to the Pentecostal Church after service for our final rehearsal. Everyone was running around, setting up their equipment, getting things ready for this last performance. Almost immediately after our final rehearsal was complete, the power went out. It was a strange feeling, almost as if God was saying stop, we need to calm our hearts and refocus. Surprisingly, instead of panicking, everyone just calmly gathered their flashlights as darkness slowly started to set in. As people trinkled in, the cast and crew then gathered to pray, have dinner and fellowship together in the dark. I thought of all those people I had raved to about this event and encouraged to come, what a shame it would be if they couldn’t experience it to its full capacity due to the power outage? I then recall telling myself, it will be ok. The power will come back, God will make it so. As the starting time drew closer and closer, I realized, maybe it is God’s will for us to do this in the dark, and I had just been praying for something that was not meant to happen in the first place. So I finally let go of all my worries and left it up to God and at last, at 7:00pm sharp, we decided to begin.

I later found out that there was about 270 people in that worship hall that night, all listening intently to the story of Jesus. With no microphones, no speakers and no light effects, we would rely solely on our voices, the sound of a single piano, and whatever flashlights and cellphones we had on hand to illuminate the stage. At the end of the play, Carson invited those who had taken the small cross to accept Christ into their lives to come forward so that he could pray for them. Among those who came forward was an elderly gentleman, about 80 years of age. He made his way up slowly, but surely, with the help of his walker and a couple of the choir members who guided his way. What a humbling sight it was to see this man, so eager to accept Christ, that he would brave the darkness, risk tripping and falling to make his way up to that stage to pray. At that moment I knew for sure, it is never too late for anyone to accept God into their lives.

Looking back on the events of that evening, I now realize that it was part of God’s plan all along for the power to go out, because He wanted to show us that amidst the darkness, His light would shine through. And there is no light on this Earth that is brighter than His.

Although the actual performance of “Unending Story” deeply touched my heart, I have to say that one of the biggest highlight for me was when the group led service at our church on Sunday morning. For those of you who were present, I’m sure you will agree that the worship was so beautiful that there are just no words to describe it. The group led some songs in Chinese, others in English, but it was clear that on that morning, we all spoke the same language. Being a worship leader myself, I know what a challenge it can be to lead in a bilingual setting. It is not
always easy to be able to touch people’s hearts when you are switching from one language to another, but I had never seen that task accomplished so beautifully. As I looked around me, I realized that it had been such a long time since I had witnessed so many members of our church so emotional at the same time. I, myself, had never thought that I could be so touched by song lyrics that I could barely understand. I think that on that morning, a fire was lit in all of us that our church had not seen in a very long time. Regardless of age and background, we were all united.

That Easter weekend has stirred up so many different emotions in me and one month later, I am still trying to take it all in. There were so many laughs and many many tears, and although outreach was the main purpose of this event, I have learned so much about myself, my faith, and my relationship with God. I’ve been humbly reminded that no matter how much we plan for something, at the end it is God that has the final say. Being someone that always needs everything in my life to be structured, I need to remind myself that all my plans are just man made. I have to accept that at the end of the day, if God has a different route for me, then His plan will overrule mine.

I have also been reminded that through Him anything is possible. If it is His will, then there are no obstacles that can hold me back, no matter how many excuses I try to come up with, because He will be by my side.

Finally, I’ve learned that outreach does not always have to be restricted to non-Christians. Outreach can be done within our own church walls as well. When asked why I wanted to do this sharing today, I paused to think of my answer. One obvious reason is that when you experience something great, you want to share it with your family. But when I thought about it more deeply, I think it’s also because I wish to keep the fire that we felt on that Sunday morning going.

I realize that it’s not possible for a Christian to constantly be on a spiritual high. Each one of us will go through ups and downs along the way, and everyone will go through a different journey. But every once in awhile, we all need a little spark to get the fire going. And I now know that one of the reasons why God had placed me there on that weekend, was that I could give my testimony to you.

In the World but not of the World

“Do not conform to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God’s will is—his good, pleasing and perfect will.” Romans 12:2

Once again, the time has come for us to prepare our hearts for our annual retreat. Throughout the years, we have learned that when we take time out for spiritual refreshment, the whole church body benefits. Our members come back feeling renewed, and are able to share the key truths that gave them a new perspective in their walk with Jesus Christ. Unity is also developed among those who attended and spreads through the congregation as they return to fellowship.

Our theme for this year is “In the World but not of the World”. The focus of this theme is how we, as Christians, can enjoy God’s creations and gifts, without engaging in the sinful activities that the world promotes. John 17:14-15 says that believers in Jesus Christ are simply in the world, physically present, but not of it, not part of its values. As believers, we should be set apart from the world. This is the meaning of being holy and living a holy, righteous life.

However, this is not always an easy task.

Through this year’s talks given by Jeff Snow and a weekend of reflection surrounded by God’s wonderful creations, we are hoping to learn how to be a light to those who are in spiritual darkness, and how to live in a way that will allow those outside the faith to see our good deeds and our manner and know that there is something “different” about us.

The retreat will take place during Labour Day weekend, from Friday evening September 4th to Monday September 7th. Service will be moved to the campsite on that Sunday to allow the chance for those who are not able to attend for the whole weekend to also get some of the retreat experience, as we know that ANY amount of time taken to get away and focus on God will bear fruit in the lives of individuals and the church. We are also thrilled to announce that there will be a water baptism taking place. This will be the first of its kind for our church and we hope that you will all be able to witness it.

Furthermore, the committee would like to express our gratefulness for your generosity and support in our fundraising efforts. Thanks to you, we will once again be able to allow our children to attend free of charge, and were also able to keep the cost for adults minimal. We kindly ask that you continue to pray for this special event, for its organizers, and its participants. May we continue to flourish with the Lord by our side.
Since 2013, my health had been declining. During a cruise to Hawaii in March of that year, I found blood in my urine and shrugged it off as color from the watermelon that I had eaten. Immediately upon my return to Montreal, I went for a medical examination and the result showed that there was nothing wrong. So I thought it must have been, in fact, from the color of the watermelon.

At the beginning of 2014, we went on another cruise to South America and once again there was blood in my urine but I had not eaten any watermelon this time, so I started to get worried. When I came back from the trip, I went for another examination and discovered that a tumour at its early stage had been found in my uterus and so the doctor had it removed. I thought that all the problems were then fixed.

However, a post-surgery examination detected that there was another tumour measuring 8 cm in my abdomen. The Lord gave me a very meticulous doctor who inspected my whole body to trace the origin of this tumour. Within five months my entire body - the heart, lungs, liver, intestine, stomach, kidney and skin was thoroughly checked but the origin still remained unknown. To avoid the risk of this tumour developing into a malign one and damaging the nerves, we made a decision to undergo surgery for its removal. The surgery was done on June 8th 2015. During the three and a half hour procedure, a situation arose that made everybody stressed. The surgeon told me that my blood pressure had dropped to 40 which may have been caused by an internal bleeding, thus another surgery was required.

However, a post-surgery inspection showed that it was not the surgery itself that caused the internal bleeding, but there was another problem. The Lord grants us peace beyond our expectations and I thank Him for His kindness towards me. The night following the surgery He sent me an angel to urge me to get a cardiovascular inspection. I did not respond positively to his advice until he said that he could arrange for an ambulance to take me from and to the cardiovascular examination room and the travelling time would only be about fifteen minutes. This old doctor, who seemed to be semi-retired, was kind to me. The inspection showed that the main blood vessel was 70% blocked, and a balloon angioplasty was performed and completed in thirty minutes. Amazing grace!

Thanks to the Lord for giving me a new life, allowing me to experience His mightiness and kindness. His grace covers me well. When I was at my weakest, He showed me His mercy and protection, gave me warmth, peace and faith. Not only has He been watching over me, He has also given me Iris to take care of my needs. During this period of hospital in and outs, she was the perfect model of how to be a loving daughter of the Lord, she demonstrated her love and desire to honour me every time I needed help – day or night and even when it meant that she had to put aside her work. Her involvement appeased all of my worries – checking into the hospital, language barrier with hospital staff, the fear of not having anyone by my side to nurse me back to health. The Chinese saying “a good daughter-in-law is worth more than a good son” does apply to me. I truly feel the Lord’s grace, and enjoy the love and warmth from the family. I am thrilled to know that the brothers and sisters from church have been praying for my surgeries and my early recovery.

“Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.” – Philippians 4:6

May all the glory and praise be to our compassionate and almighty Father!
This year is the 15th anniversary of VBS! Year after year, our committee goes through months of preparation for this important event to ensure that our children may learn more about the truth of the Bible through fun activities.

The purpose of VBS is to plant seeds in children’s hearts. Each child will go through their own personal and unique journey as Christians. The role of the parents and of the church is to try to build a solid foundation of faith for them. Though we may not see the results right away, we never know when these planted seeds will grow, by the power of God. There are countless testimonies from adults who turn to God (or return to God) during their darkest times, because they suddenly remember a memory verse they had learned at VBS when they were little.

This year, VBS will take place from July 20-24. We have purchased a new curriculum - International Spy Academy: Agents of the One True God. Through songs, crafts, games, goodies, and dramas, the special agents will:

- Uncover counterfeit gods and recognize the only true God – the God of the Bible.
- Find that God is unique – one God in three Persons.
- Crack codes to discover attributes of God.
- Collect clues to reveal how to become a child of God.
- Discover that God is not distant but personal, wanting to be their first love.

Because the cost of this enriched curriculum required us to dip into our budget, we decided to have two fundraisers this year. Around Christmas time, we sold chocolates to our friends and family outside of church. We would like to thank all who have contributed to this event. At the end of May, we organized a walkathon where each participant was required to find sponsors. We thank God for giving us good weather. Many brothers and sisters took the time to participate in this healthy activity. Many walked 5kms and some walked 1.5kms with our kids. This was a great and successful fundraising event that has brought us nearly $1900 of income. Praise the Lord!

Besides fundraisers, we also organized a kids carnival in April to promote VBS. We had game stations and an inflatable brought into our church’s gymnasium. It was a great opportunity to outreach to the community! We had nearly 20 young families that stepped into our church for the very first time. We pray that the Lord will bring them to us again.

As we mark the 15th year of VBS, the committee would like to thank everyone that has ever been part of the organizing team, the parents that have registered their kids to our camp, and all of those who have supported us in many ways either by prayer, by donation or by signing up as helpers. We see that God has worked in all of us in different ways, making this ministry a great success year after year. Please continue to pray for our ministry, may the Lord give us wisdom to plant more growing seeds in the heart of each of our students.
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**Newborn baby Catherine Ngo**

**May Health Talk**
Easter Sunday with the Grace Melodia Group
Kidz Karnival

Father’s Day

Mother’s Day
VBS Walkathon