

Testimony of Min Kam

I was born in Singapore into a non-Christian home, and brought up by a Buddhist dad and a semi-Catholic mum. Ancestral worship and occasional visits to a Catholic Church was the kind of religious background I grew up in, with pockets of Christian influence once a year. Since the age of 6 every year I would be sent off to a camp organized by the YWCA about a 10-minute walk from my house for about 3-5 days. At camp we were subject to Christian songs, prayers and Sunday school teaching. One of the songs that stuck with me all my life had a refrain that we would sing back to the camp counsellor about loving Jesus “because He first loved me”. I loved the tune but had no idea the meaning behind the lyrics. Little did I know that one day I would have full understanding what singing those words meant.

I am the middle child in my family and my parents were really hoping I was boy. God gave them me instead, and they never failed to remind me that I was not a boy. I was pretty insecure as a child and into adulthood and often sought to gain favour by putting my other siblings down. Socially, I always sought to fit in, and would bend over backwards to please people. I blamed my family for who I became.

After my O' levels my I moved to Sydney Australia with plans to finish high school and university there. I really thought everything was going to be perfect because I would be perfect. It felt perfect for a little while, but things didn't go according to my plan. Moving to Canberra for university devastated me, as I had to move away from my “happy place”. In Canberra it was cold all the time and miserable; I had no clue that God was at work.

Initially, I managed to kind of find my feet in my own way. I became the token Asian girl among the small town Aussies. I begin experiencing the Aussie culture of BBQs and had a go at the beer culture. Along the way, I crossed paths with some Christians. I became friends with them but didn't exactly hang out with them a lot. During a campus evangelism event, one of them invited me to go for a talk. I accepted the invitation unwillingly but again I had to fit in! On the day of the event, since I injured my ankle that morning, I happily told them I couldn't go. But they insisted and told me that they would carry me down. I ended up hobbling my way there. The talk ended up being about how success belongs to God and I didn't agree, as I was always taught that God helps those who help themselves. At the end of the talk, pamphlets were going round about the annual church camp. My friend Rachel next to me for some reason said Yeah! Min glad you are joining us. I looked at her in shock but just nodded. When camp came along, I was a combination of clueless, overwhelmed, cold and miserable. I made it through the five days not realising I could leave anytime! On the very last evening during one of the talks, the speaker said, “Friends, God loves you more than anything and anyone else in the world.” Those words lingered on in me and gave me a sense of security for the first time in my life. I decided I wanted to look into this Christianity thing. I did for a short while, but my interest soon faded.

Summer came along and the same Christian group that organized the summer camp at the coast again invited me, and this time I am not really sure what possessed me to give up a long weekend to go. On top of learning how to not drown in the surf and sleeping in a tent for the first time, I also came face to face with the significance of the Cross. The speaker at camp was a church planter, British surfer dude. He preached on the book of John. He read out John 3:16: God so loved the world that He sent His beloved Son Jesus to come die for us. He explained sin as rebellion against God—me refusing to trust in His ways and me choosing to do things my way to make me feel “good” for a little while. That day I became aware of the sins in my life. Not only was I aware of my rebellious nature against God, but I was also crushed by the fact that instead of punishing me, God sent his son to come die for me so I didn't have to bear the weight of my sin, and so that I could have a new life and an eternal life with Him in His Kingdom. I saw my need for God and how helpless and horrible I was without Him. I prayed the sinners' prayer on that day on Easter Sunday April 2004. I prayed for forgiveness telling God I was sorry for rebelling against Him and that I would like to turn back because He first

loved me. The words that I sang at camp those years ago came to life for me again. I found my identity in Christ. Being rooted in Christ meant that I didn't need to put others down, I didn't need to please people all the time and that it is ok to go through bad times because I am never alone. My knowledge and love for God grew during those years. I became a lot less fearful and God softened my heart towards my family and people I felt were threats to me fitting in. I begin to see things and people from another perspective.

In 2006 I felt the call to move home. All that I feared hit me all at once as I was about to leave my sanctuary—the place I learnt to live by Faith. I was terrified that I would fall away from my faith and that I would succumb to external pressures, that I would go home and fall back to my old ways. The friends that invited me for the talk prayed alongside me as I began to prepare to go home to Singapore. A dear friend Michelle sent me home with this verse which I held on to dearly to this day: Deuteronomy 31:8, "It is the Lord that goes before you; he will not leave you or forsake you. Do not fear or be dismayed." Michelle's dad reminded me that in 1 John 4:18 there is no fear in love, for perfect love casts out all fears, because fear has to do with punishment, the one who fears is not made perfect in Jesus. He reminded me I am made perfect in Christ alone and to not fear because I am loved perfectly in Christ.

It has been a little over 10 years since since I accepted Christ and 8 years since I have been home. God has not only walked with me but carried me through a lot of my battles. I am in no way perfect. I still battle with temptations and finding contentment somewhere else other than Christ. God has been good and I trust that He will always be good. He never leaves us or forsakes us and has used so many people for His glory, including someone like me that was out to hurt others for my own sake, all those years ago. The Lord goes before you. Perfect Love knows no fear.