

Kay Lim's Testimony

I was born and grew up in China. My father came to know Christ in his university years during the Cultural Revolution in China. From young, I heard the Gospel repeatedly from my father. He told me that God loved me so much that He sent His only Son to die on the cross for my sins so that I would be saved and have a life with God forever.

In a post-Cultural-Revolution China, this message was alien and ridiculous in the world that I was in. But by God's grace, the seed of the Gospel was planted in my heart.

I was attracted to the message because to me, it was a message of love. It felt good to believe that the most powerful person, the creator of the whole universe, loves me. From experience, I also felt greatly loved by the old servants of God whom my father met with, every now and then. My heart was strangely warmed when I heard them singing hymns, reciting Bible passages from their heart, and testifying of God's protection of their faith through miracles. My heart swelled with peace and love as I watched tears flow down from their wrinkled faces. I knew then, that this God was real, and He was a loving God.

However, I had a problem. There was a missing link that prevented me from fully embracing the Gospel.

I understood from the Bible that Jesus had come to die on the cross not only to show how deeply God loved us, but also to save us from our sins. The Bible says, "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God" and that "the wages of sin is death" My problem was that I couldn't quite come to terms with the idea of "sin". In Chinese, the word "sin" and the word "crime" is the same word. Therefore, "sin" sounded too big a word. It just didn't seem to apply to me - an 8 or 9-year-old child at that time.

But God's grace had its firm grip on me. One day, during a conversation with my father, something stirred my heart. He said: "Jesus is coming. We need to prepare ourselves to meet Him." I knew in my heart, I was not ready. My problem was standing in the way. With a sense of urgency, I prayed to God to help me to understand how I was, and still am a sinner.

That night as I was falling asleep, God brought to my mind various memories of things I had done. Images flashed through my mind. Images of how I grumbled against my mother's instruction, how I laughed secretly at my classmates for asking stupid questions in class, how I lied to my father one time. I was jolted awake. I saw clearly that I was a SINNER! I also realized that my bigger sin was that I had been so blind to my own sinfulness! At that moment, I felt deeply sorry for sinning against God and against people. But strangely, more than sorrow and guilt, there was an unspeakable joy and comfort in my heart: I knew that God had already solved my problem of sin and that He accepted me even while I was oblivious to my sinful state. I thanked God immediately that it is He who showed me and convicted me of my sins. Finally, the missing link was found and I was connected to the Gospel in full. Now Jesus is my personal savior because he has borne my sins on that cross and given me a hope that lights my future.