

**Seek, and You Will Find**  
**Testimony of Jenny Wong**  
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I came to America through a cultural exchange program sponsored by Walt Disney World in 1989. It was a one year program and I had planned on returning home for joined business adventures with my friends. Two months before my contract ended, former President George H. Bush signed the Chinese Student Protection Act to protect those who protested against the Chinese government's cruelty committed in the Tiananmen Square Massacre by extending their stay in US to avoid their government's prosecution. This Act automatically extended my visa for another four years, and the type of visa I got enabled me to pay resident tuition so I decided to continue my studies at a college in Chicago. Because of the extended stay I came to know the Lord and was so grateful ever since for His divine intervention in my life.

After finished my work at Disney, I moved to Chicago. I rented a room in an old couple's home and got ready for school. They were Christians and told me about an evangelical Chinese Christian conference about to take place in Madison, Wisconsin. I wasn't really interested in Christianity. I thought Christians were a bunch of weak-minded, emotionally challenged people. But the couple were very enthusiastic and persistent. They paid for the fees and found a ride for me as well. Since I wasn't planning on doing anything and I didn't want to disappoint them, I went. I thought I could treat it as a little getaway vacation --- take it easy, do my own thing, and stay warm in the hotel. It was the end of December --- a very cold season in Midwest.

Little did I know, when I walked into the lobby, I had already been assigned to a small group. The group leader greeted me warmly and invited me for dinner. After dinner, the conference began. I didn't quite understand what the speaker was talking about. But it was the first time in my life I heard the name of Jesus, and His salvation.

After the meeting, there was small group discussion. I found myself engaged in a heated debate. Apparently I was the only nonbeliever in this group, eight Christians versus one atheist. I asked many questions and argued with them way pass midnight.

It was quite a shocking experience for the confrontation to take place between two believing systems. For me it's a very necessary one, through arguing and debating, I reevaluated and reexamined my belief. Deep down I knew that it was pretty shaky—I figured out for myself a long time ago that communism was unworthy of believing. The only savior I knew about was the deceased Chairman Mao.

I attended political meetings from the time when I was three. I had to go because my grandma had to attend these meetings. The government organized everybody to study the communist party's policies, public documents, and Chairman Mao's red books. It was mandatory and organized through school systems, workplaces, even neighborhoods. Loud speakers were put in public squares and streets to broadcast the same thing. I hated to go to these meeting and hearing the boring, empty political words. In grade school, I was taught humans evolved from monkeys. Every time I visited the zoo, I often stopped in front of the monkey's cage and wondered: "what have these monkeys done to be left behind? Am I really related to these ugly animals?" In those days, you dare not to challenge anything taught by the authority. So I kept it to myself.

I was also taught there was no God, but they made us worship Mao like a god. They wrote many songs to praise him. One of the songs I learned before I even started school is called the *Redness in the East* which praises Mao as the rising sun from the east who brought blessings to his people and was their savior.

I was eight years old when Mao died. The whole nation mourned him for many days. We all had to go to local mourning halls to pay our respects—bowing our heads before his portrait. Lots of people around me cried so hard as if they knew him personally. The harder you cried, the more loyal you were to him, to the communist party, and to the country. I remember I wanted to cry so badly but I couldn't even squeeze a tear out of my eyes. I couldn't fake it. The best I did was to look sad.

I was angry at him—my savior and hero. How can a savior die? If the savior dies on us that means there is no hope left for us, which means this world must come to an end soon. I literally waited for the sky to fall and some sort of a universal explosion for a couple of years.

I was raised by my grandma since I was an infant until the day she died. No one ever loved me the way she did. I was well-taken care of, well-protected, and yet allowed with plenty of freedom. Her love to me was overwhelmingly deep. We were bonded like one, inseparable. Grandma was well-respected and I was cute that made us a famous, adored pair in the entire neighborhood. When she died, I felt like part of me was gone. I was six-year-old then. It took me one month to comprehend that she would never come back to wipe my tears, cuddle me in her arms, rock me in her laps, cook me delicious food, and sing lullabies to me at bedtime again. My mighty fortress was gone.

Somehow, I had this strong feeling that she didn't just disappear like my parents told me. I know in my heart that she still exists somewhere in the universe. And I've longed for her love ever since. I looked everywhere for love like my grandma's but I couldn't find it. Now the only savior and hero I trusted was dead, I felt like I was cheated—because a savior shouldn't die.

I completely lost hope in communism at the age of thirteen. It was not the truth of the world as they proclaimed. Their ideology is full of lies and deceptions. The consequence of numerous political movements made the whole nation suffer tremendously. Even as a teenager, I saw calamity and destruction more than blessing.

Even though I didn't believe communism, growing up in that environment bombarded with propaganda, their system was still rooted in me. They've done a good job for early education. I wanted something better but I couldn't find anything better to replace it. I suffered inner struggles intensely starting at a very young age all the way into adulthood.

I began looking for the real truth. I look into Buddhism and Daoism, I was disappointed there. Taking another chance, I travel to Tibet when I was nineteen but was quickly disappointed in Lamaism as well. The only awesome experience I had on the roof of the world was standing before the breathtaking peaceful river, and mighty mountains, I sensed that there is great power behind the splendid nature. But what is the power? Where did it come from?

Year after year, thousands of Lama worshipers travel from a far on their feet, hands, and knees all the way to Lhasa to worship at their sacred temple. The most sincere worshippers would bow down every couple of steps, with their hands and face down on the road. Because of the long trip, their hair and faces were very dirty, clothes were worn out and torn, and some even had bleeding knees and hands. But their facial expressions were sincere and serious. I admired their strength, determination and sacrifices. Watching them I couldn't help wondering: Do they really know what they are doing? Are their idols worthy to be worshipped like this? On the other hand, I envied them because they at least had faith in their religion. I had nothing, only emptiness in me.

Now these Christians in my small group desperately wanted to convince me but they couldn't because I wasn't satisfied with their answers. After two days into our exhausting arguments, debates and reasoning, they thought I was impossible.

Later in the conference, I heard the message about God's love-- Jesus Christ died for our sins and rose again, He is the risen Savior and the only Truth. I was interested and curious, and I wanted to know more about it. The program was very intense; it started at 6am and went to 10pm. By no means was I able or willing to take it easy. Looking around, I observed these Christians possess something I didn't have, and neither did any of the other religious believers I had encountered. These Christians had peace and joy which I didn't have, and there was even more than that.

On the second night, before the speaker closed his message, he gave an invitation by saying: "Those who are willing to accept Jesus Christ as your personal savior please raise your hand." I closed my eyes and bowed my head like everybody else just to show respect to their religion and waited for the evening to end. Suddenly, I saw a bright light in front of me while my eyes were closed. I got nervous, wondering what was happening to me, and then I heard a voice saying to me: "This is the appointed time, if you do not accept Jesus Christ as your personal Savior right now, you'll never have another opportunity. This is the Truth you're looking for."

My heart was beating so fast, and my mind was racing like crazy. I asked myself: "Who just talked to me? Why must I decide right now? Why was I given such a short notice? There are still four more days before the conference is over. What if this is another fake savior, a false religion? I don't want to be tramped and cheated again." But on second thought: what if this is the true God, the only Savior for mankind as they preached, what if I don't take this chance right now, and will I lose the only opportunity of knowing the real Truth I am looking for? Separated from God eternally? That thought scared me.

As I struggled the light got brighter and brighter. It seemed pressing on me. Finally, I gave in to the light with mixed feelings. I was somewhat reluctant, somewhat fearfully, somewhat thinking just-try-and-see-if-it-works-for-me, I raised my left hand—I was willing but also reserved. The whole struggle lasted about 30 seconds or so, but it seemed like hours for me. Then I heard the speaker praying for us who raised our hands. Something strange happened at this very moment: I felt peace and joy which I never knew before spreading inside me. What is this phenomenon? I couldn't explain it.

All a sudden, I was joyful, overwhelmingly joyful. I felt like I had just entered into a wonderful place. While I was sitting in my chair enjoying this awesome change in my heart, a friendly lady came over and sat next to me, opened her Bible and said to me: "I've noticed that you just accepted Jesus Christ as your Savior, congratulations! I would like you to repeat this verse after me."

It was John 3:16: *"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life."* Four or five other Christians came and formed a circle and giving thanks to God and prayed for me. I had this big smile on my face and I had a hard time to contain the joy in me. One of them said: "Do you know why you're so happy? Because you're a member of God's family, and the angels are having a party in heaven because of you."

For the rest of the week, Doris, who read my very first Bible verse, helped me to understand more scriptures, and we became friends. She was an American missionary who had worked in Hong Kong for forty years, fluent in both Cantonese and Mandarin. She told me she knew she would be a missionary since she was five-year-old. She has made a great impact in so many lives in her mission field.

I returned to my small group that evening and told them I had accepted Jesus. They were all shocked and couldn't believe I really did it. What I didn't tell them was that I was too scared not to believe. If hell is real, who wouldn't want to escape while they still had a chance? I slept like a baby that night. Two days later, before the evening's small group session began. I returned to my room to freshen up. I opened the door, my roommate wasn't there. A sweet girl from Singapore who was always in the room at this time, it was the only time we could catch up with each other. While I was wondering where she was, I saw a very gentle, small light coming slowly through the window and the closed thick draperies. It was late in the evening and was awfully dark outside especially in the winter season. As I gazed upon the light and wondered: "Where is this light coming from?" it grew bigger, and came down on me and covered me from head to toe. Instead of being frightened, I felt very comfortable and safe in it. At the same time I felt I was being gently lifted up in the air.

As I was going up, I felt the love all around and in me, this love feels so familiar—deep, unselfish, abundant, yes, just like my grandma's love for me. I felt I was safe and free once again. This love continued to grow deeper and deeper while I was going higher and higher. It surpassed my grandma's love, much more abundant and deeper, pure, and holy. I don't know how to describe this awesome communication God had with me. It was nonverbal, like He was communicating with my soul. I heard Him saying: "I am your God, you are my child." I responded: "Oh, yes, indeed. You are my God and my Truth." My heart shouted: "Oh, God indeed exists, and God is love." My heart comprehended that God loves me, and He loves me more than my grandma did, and He has chosen me to be His child long before the foundation of the world. I felt like I had reached a very high place where it was awesomely wonderful, perfectly peaceful. I just wanted to stay like this in His love forever.

But in the twinkle of an eye, I was safely put back on my feet, and the light gently and slowly withdrew from me and went out of the window. I immediately knelt down and worshipped the true living God—who is holy and mighty, yet loving, and compassionate. The only true God I've come to know personally in such a wonderful way. I cried so hard because of His overwhelmingly love for me. Talking about a weak-minded, emotionally challenged Christian? I became the one on the spot.

At this point, all my sins passed through my mind like a movie rolling inside me. Some sins which I didn't even remember were made aware to me, I confessed each and every one of them as fast as I could, and asked God's forgiveness. I felt like I was given a new heart. The big void and the emptiness inside me were gone. I know I am a completely different person now, because God has changed me from within. Many questions were answered after this experience, and I understand that God is the power behind those breathtaking peaceful rivers and mighty mountains in Tibet, *"for since the creation of the world God's invisible qualities—His eternal power and divine nature—have been clearly seen, being understood from what has been made, so that men are without excuse."*(Romans 1:20) How foolish to declare there is no God. On the way back to Chicago, I saw a magnificent sunset, it was indescribably beautiful. Now I know beyond the sky, God is up in the heaven. He may be far away, but I could feel so close to Him, and I felt He was looking down and smiling at me.

The next day, I woke up and saw a spectacular snow falling for the first time in my life. It completely covered everything overnight. I went out and danced around in the snow. The world looked so pure, that was exactly how I felt about myself. Later I learned a verse that described exactly how I felt at that moment. *"Though your sins are as scarlet, they will be as white as snow."* (Isaiah 1:18) *"...if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has gone, the new has come."* (2Corinthians 5:17)

Looking back, I realized how tenderly and lovingly God had guided my way to know Him. I had suffered long enough with that big void, lived a wondering, miserable life without Him, now God has called me to come home. I am forever grateful that God has chosen me to be one of His own. I am so glad He enabled me to make the wisest decision at the very crucial moment in my life. Because of this, God transferred me from the kingdom of darkness into the Kingdom of Light. I would never be able to comprehend His love for me on this earth.

Oh, how much I wanted to share with my grandma what a marvelous thing God has done for me if only I had the chance. I have no knowledge if she ever had a chance to know Jesus like I did. I've learned to let go what's beyond my control but to influence those I still can.

The conference relocated to Chicago the following year and they needed volunteers, so I went back to serve and learned so much from a group of wonderful brothers and sisters in Christ. Three years later, I met my husband in the conference who also came to serve as a volunteer.

Our son Joseph accepted Jesus into his heart when he was three on that fateful day of September 11<sup>th</sup>, 2001. On that Sunday, our pastor Chuck Swindoll held him in his arms with his usual big grin and said: "Thank God! There is something good come out of evil." How blessed is he to know our living God is his heavenly Father, to be able to worship Him at a very young age, and to be raised in God's family.

Joseph loves to come to Covenant Fellowship because he said people are so nice here. Thank you all for making him and us feel so welcomed, we enjoy worshipping God with you very much. It's a great comfort knowing my child is in God's hand that he doesn't need to go through what I had been through. May you and your loved ones never experience the eternal separation. May we encourage each other to stand firm and be His light and salt in this world as the darkness is closing in on us. May we all be called good and faithful when we see His face.

Jesus said: *“Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you.”* (Matthew 7:7) He also said: *“come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.”* (Matthew 11:28) Only through Jesus can we find perfect love, peace, and security. I’ve experienced the fulfillment of both promises because Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life.

I used to cling to my grandma’s love as the only treasure in my life. Now I have the most valuable treasure in the whole universe—God’s love. He will never leave me nor forsake me, and He is our ever present help.