

## Testimonies of New Members on 27 September 2020

### Baptisms

Lee Qing Ping (leeqp98@gmail.com)



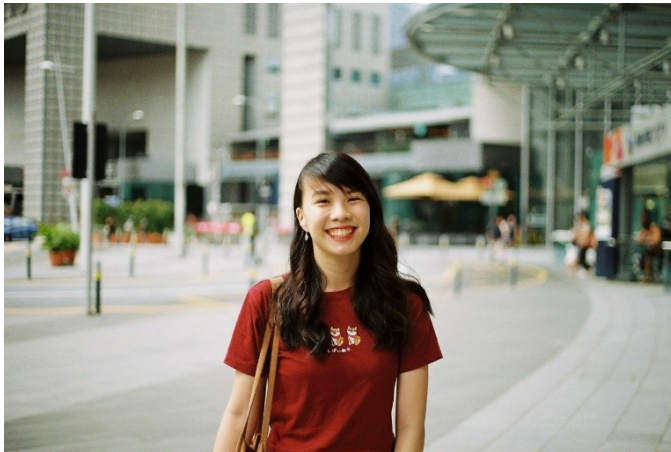
I think for most people born into a Christian family, there comes a critical point when they decide if the path they are on is true and worth continuing. Before I reached this point, being Christian was fairly easy. I thank God for being blessed with loving parents who have been pillars of faith and have always done their best to raise their children in the

way we should go (Prov 22:6). So I'd say I have had a personal relationship with God since young, because my parents nurtured a childlike faith in me. I have grown up relating to Him as my loving Heavenly Father.

But faith is easy without risk, cost or disappointment. Over time, however, more people, experiences and things I learnt challenged my faith. Choices and sacrifices came with some decisions I had to make. I wrestled with my understanding of God and what I saw in the world around me. "If I was going to go through all this," I thought to myself, "I better be believing in something/someone real." And so I dug deeper and tried to learn more about what exactly it was I believed in to try and defend the faith. And I think when we seek God earnestly and honestly, He meets us where we are, in His time.

After going through both good and bad times, and much struggling, reading, learning and searching, I concluded that there isn't any joy, comfort, or meaning in life other than God. Like Jacob, I wrestled with God, and decided that I would not let Him go until He blessed me. I counted the cost, and found that Jesus has paid it all by His death on the cross for us. I soon realised that faith is also easy when you have evidence that the faith is well-placed; when you have someone who is faithful, that means he both exercises faith and is worthy of faith. I learnt that I can be faithful to Him who is faithful first and always will be. And so I've decided to place my life and my trust in the God who is real, and who has been my comfort, my Provider, my Shepherd and my Lord.

**Prisca Tan** (priscakyu98@gmail.com)



I was a second-generation Christian, so I grew up going to church every week and learning about the different stories and people in the Bible. I had a lot of fun and I enjoyed going to church to meet other people. However, I never really understood what it meant to have a personal relationship with Christ. I started attending my previous church's

youth service sometime in secondary school. From there, I began to learn about the good news of the gospel, and the magnitude of what Christ did on the cross for me.

Nevertheless, I had many idols. Among them were academic success and finding my worth in my friendships and relationships with the people around me. I was especially challenged when I entered university, and could no longer rely on my academic success for my sense of worth. I also had a fallout with a close friend that was hard to come to terms with. However, through those experiences, God broke down the pedestals that I had built for myself. I realised that the only source of strength that would never waver was Christ. As Proverbs 3:5-6 says, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not lean on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make straight your paths".

Christ has taught me what it means to personally rely on Him and to turn to Him daily in faith and repentance.

**Krishna Chenthamarai** (krishna2010@gmail.com)



Carol and Krishna with their daughter, Amelia.

I was born in a Hindu family in India, a child of divorced parents. I was raised with the support of a Catholic who provided for my education and basic needs and took care of me as his own son. In all my childhood, he did not ever force or push me to become a Christian. I used to go to the Catholic church every week with my mother and both of us did not have any guidance or any background on how to pray or

read God's word. We never knew to attend a full mass/service since most of the time we would not understand a lot of things. So, we tried to follow the others in the church and pray in our own way. I knew Jesus is God. I prayed to him from when I was a child for anything and everything I needed, from small little things to the big asks for my life.

When I finished college, I found myself in a situation where I didn't have a job though I had good grades. I tried to do everything on the list to make myself more hire-able. I could not figure out why I was not able to get a job. At that point, I had no one except Jesus to pray and cry out for help—again I asked Him for help in my own way of praying which I was used to from my childhood. But He saved me and gave me a job that I love and am still holding on to for the past ten years.

Five years ago, my company gave me an offer to move here, where I met my lovely wife, Carol, who is also working in the same company. She was born and raised in a Christian family in India. Through her I came to know about the Lord Jesus and the miracles He has done in her life and to others in this world. I accepted the Lord Jesus as my Saviour, and was baptised by sprinkling. I now would like to be baptised by immersion.

In the first year of marriage, my wife and I were looking for a church in Singapore. We attended a few churches but never felt the connection we have come to

experience at GBC. That's not all, the CG and friends in GBC have helped me a lot in this journey. I realise I need to learn more about the gospel and God's Word. So here I am.

### **Transfer of Membership**

**Carol Chandran** (Carolpreethic@gmail.com)



Carol and Krishna with their daughter, Amelia.

I was born in a Christian family and schooled by nuns. My brother, sister and I would be in Sunday school while my parents attended service at the 200-year-old British garrison church, which was almost my second home when we were growing up. As I grew older, there were lots of reasons to be at church—young adult meetings, choir practice, thanksgiving fairs, carol rounds. Needless to say, the church and the community were a big part of my life growing up.

Faith in my family was a given, as my parents came from a line of I-don't-know-how-many generations of Christians. But when I was 20, my father's once-flourishing business had some troubles. That drove him to his knees and he took us along with him. Along the way my faith in Jesus became my own and He was my personal Saviour.

That was a more than a decade ago—and a lot has happened since. Sickneses, weddings and funerals. These are the big events you remember when you think of God's hand in your life. And then there are the "little ones"—the work of God in your daily living—stopping the rain, preventing an accident, giving you much when you wanted a few.

I remember one point in my life when I was 29 years old: A business venture I had put my heart and soul into for four years had gone south for many reasons. I was trying to change course by applying to one of the best B-schools in the country. I prepared hard and was psyched that I managed to clear the first round and qualify for the interview. I was looking forward to what I thought was the

break I badly needed. But then the letter came—and it felt that the only open door had shut and it was all dark. “But the LORD, he searches me and He knows me. He knows when I sit and when I rise; He perceives my thoughts from afar.” Another door opened. It was a door I didn’t want to go into as much as the previous one. But it was the door God opened for me and I could be no Jonah. And I’m so glad I did because my life changed in many ways, including meeting the wonderful man who would become my husband. “What can I do to the Lord for His goodness towards me? I will lift up the cup of salvation and call on the name of the Lord. I will fulfil my vows to the Lord in the presence of all His people.” (Ps 116: 12-14)

As I share my story, the more I want to echo—what is man that You are mindful of him? Not just mindful, He calls me His child. If children, then heirs of God and co-heirs of Christ! (Rom 8:17) Like the Psalmist, “Such knowledge is too wonderful, it is high I cannot attain it!” It is a reminder of how much I must be tuned to God’s will for my life if I will share His glory.

And this is what I would like to do—as I join the family of GBC—to be responsible for this gift of salvation with you all, to always have grace to walk in holiness and righteousness before Him, and to open my heart to be of service to Him all my days.



**Dikaio Pang** (dikaio.pang@gmail.com)



God has no grandchildren: one is either adopted into sonship or not, because salvation is not hereditary. Yet, like many who grow up in Christian families, I did not at first appreciate the need to be personally saved. After all, back then being Christian was a simple enough routine: attend church once a week, small groups once a fortnight, church camp once a year...being Christian was fun. There are certainly worse ways to spend one's childhood, and I am blessed to have godly parents and a loving

family. The real risk, that everyone who grows up culturally Christian faces however, is the ease with which one slips into the trappings of religiosity, while completely missing the point of the gospel. And so I existed in this liminal space, knowing the right things to say and even zealously attempting to correct the perceived heresies of others, yet completely lacking a personal conviction of my own depravity and need for personal salvation.

It was in 2010, when I was invited to the youth service of another Baptist church that I was convicted of my own utter and complete depravity and my desperate need for a personal saviour. But most importantly, a Saviour in the person of Jesus Christ and not myself. On some level we all know we are hopelessly lost and in need of salvation, but many of us think we can do it ourselves. I accepted Christ and was baptised, publicly declaring my commitment to turn from sin and follow Jesus.

I wish I could say that from there everything was perfect, but even a genuine turn does not immediately drop one off at the destination. As I struggle daily to live a Christ-centred life, living and loving the people around me as Christ would, I know there is no better place to do that than where I am surrounded by fellow believers, encouraged and disciplined in a word-centred Christian community.

**Fiona Teong** (fionateong@gmail.com)



My conversion story is one of baby steps into the Christian faith. I first prayed the “sinner’s prayer” when I was just ten years old. How much I understood at that time, I don’t remember. I was busy throughout my school years and was actively involved in sports, student council and camps and was always on to the next “big gig”. I used to think that life is what you make of and was determined to write a great story.

Busyness was my badge of honour and after a frenzied lifestyle took over, I was constantly tired and overspent. Relations with the family were strained as I was hardly home, outside relationships were superficial and I never had a real connection with anyone. I work and clock attendance in church but there was no marked contrast of godly work and godly living. I was a restless wanderer and often feel overwhelmed by the unrealistic expectations the world (and myself) placed on me to be smarter, stronger, and successful and have it all together all the time. I have to look the part even though inside I was struggling with brokenness and everyday challenges.

One day, after an invitation that stretched on for months, I joined a fellow brother-in-Christ at Bible fellowship. It was a fancy idea to read God’s Word with a group of people I did not know and need not share my life with. That changed gradually, however. God used the people and platform as He moved mightily in the midst. He opened my eyes to His Word and I begin to understand how upside-down my priorities were, and realised how trials in my life only brought about the wretchedness of sin that was already within me. In a cry of desperation, I (re)invited Jesus into my life. It was a prayer, a plea, a commitment, and a hope.

*“Lord, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.”*

*“If life be long, I will be glad,  
That I may long obey;*

*If short, yet why should I be sad  
To welcome endless day?*

*“Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before;  
He that unto God’s kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.*

*“Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet  
What will Thy glory be!*

*“Then I shall end my sad complaints  
And weary sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
That sing my Saviour’s praise.*

*“My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But ’tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.”*

*—Puritan Richard Baxter*

Sharing one of my favourite literary influences. The Jesus I know and love today I encountered at the age of 10. But His name and His tug in my life mean infinitely more now than they did when I first surrendered my life to Him. I am grateful that God’s love does not sit by quietly while I wander off into the cliffs. He patiently pursues, redeems me, washes me, transforms me and disciplines me. His love, when it finds me—will not leave me where I am.



**Javirea Lo** (javirealo19@gmail.com)



In 2015, something life changing occurred. As I was going through my secondary three transitions, my mother found out my father had cheated on her again. Deciding it was the last straw, she took my three siblings and I to a friend's house to stay while she and my father sorted things out. I resented both my father and God, whom my mother had been following for seven years. Although she had received Christ in 2008, I was not yet a believer.

My father had also professed faith. But I resented what a bad example my father was. I resented God for allowing my father to

inflict these emotional scars upon my family by betraying us.

However, even during that time, my mother insisted that we still go to church. My friend, knowing I did not want to go, suggested that we all go with her. During the service, the sermon on the topic of family really spoke to me. When there was a call for people with family problems to come forward, I decided to go to the front for prayer. I shared my indignation and resentment and a lady prayed for me. As she prayed, I realised Jesus was also betrayed. But he still loved his betrayers and even died for sinners like them. I realised I was in no position to hold this grudge against my father. If Jesus has forgiven me, then what right do I have as a forgiven sinner to still hate my father? Even though the wounds will take a while to heal, I decided then to forgive my father. My parents settled on a three-year separation. I still keep in contact with my father. My new faith in God has helped me to grow closer to the community to serve Him and draw nearer to God.

**Lison Chen** (freemancxj@gmail.com)



I was born and raised in a typical Chinese family. Most of my relatives are either atheists or Buddhists influenced by my Grandma. We emphasised Buddhism as a tradition. In my childhood, I was always told to worship buddha so that I could get into a good school, get a good job, and become wealthy in the future. On the other side, I was taught to earn my life myself and to hold my future in my own hands. Therefore, I believed that if I studied hard enough, I could change my life and my future, instead of putting my hopes on any religion.

However, things did not go as planned. I lost a job offer due to an economic downturn. I felt lost and confused. But I got an opportunity for further studies, which greatly changed the direction of my life. Looking back, I now understand that things were working according to God's will, not mine. When God closes a door, He always opens a window.

I came to know the gospel during my studies in Sweden. I also met my wife, Grace. She suggested for me to visit a local church that has a Chinese missionary group. I began regularly attending and was blessed by God's grace and love. Eventually, I came to believe in Jesus and was baptised in 2011.

I became a believer in Christ because of God's mercy in my life. *Matthew 7:7: "Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you."* God's love is boundless and way beyond our imagination as stated in *2 Corinthians 2:9: "What no eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man imagined, what God has prepared for those who love him."*

I continue to strengthen my faith in the gospel. As Jesus said in *John 20:29b, "Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed."*

**Ruth Fong** (ruthfonghp@gmail.com)



Growing up in a Christian family, attending church and care group, and serving were the “norm” for me.

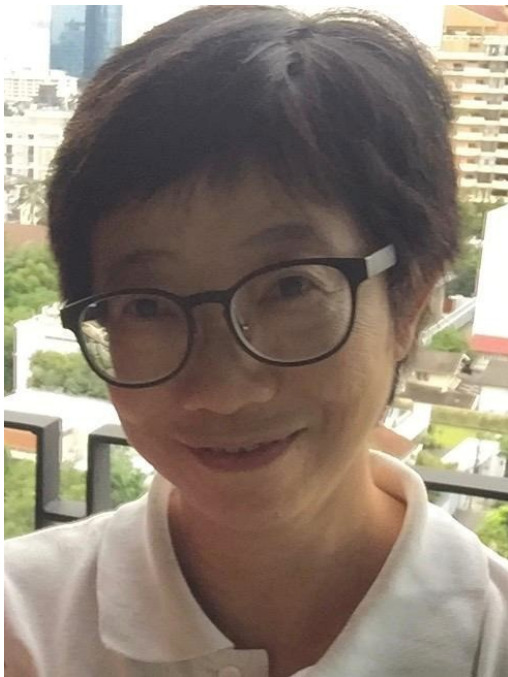
While I understood and believed in what it meant to be a Christian—believing that Christ came to die for my sins and that I have salvation through Him—for

a long time, my heart behind doing these “Christian” things was not truly about God but about such things being the right thing to do in the eyes of other Christians.

Over time, I grew tired and stopped serving in church. I struggled with self-worth, especially when judged by the standards of the people around me—whether it had to do with my grades, my friends, or whether I was doing enough in church. By God’s grace, I didn’t stop attending church or small group. Seeing others worship and serve cheerfully made me realise that my walk with God had been stagnant. My past reasons for attending church, care group and serving were wrong. This fuelled my desire to know God more through His Word. However, I felt stuck and didn’t know what to do.

God’s timing is perfect. After meeting Glen and deciding to attend GBC, it gave me the opportunity to read God’s Word with CG and friends in a deeper way. This helped me better understand God’s grace and the precious gift of salvation through Jesus Christ. It also reminded me that my worth is found in Christ. He paid the price for my sin on the cross. I am convicted that I need God’s grace and mercy each day and will strive to know Him more.

**Valerie Chin** (brownkiln@gmail.com)



I said the “sinner’s prayer” at 18 hoping God would change my circumstances for the better—reinstating material comfort and fortifying secular success. That, then, was my idea of God. I didn’t fully understand my fundamental need to repent from sin—that God’s overarching intention is to restore my relationship with Him through Jesus Christ; to make me into a new person fit for Kingdom purposes and to enjoy eternity in fellowship with Him.

I was baptised upon professing faith in Jesus. But God’s discipline was needful. Having come through it, I have a fuller appreciation

of God’s plans for me, plans for a future and a hope, plans for eternity (Jer 29:11). The way back is first the acknowledgment of sin, the resolution to turn from wicked ways and the acceptance of Jesus as Saviour and Lord. And so began the walk with Christ and the sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit to guide my steps.

For several years now, the Holy Spirit has been impressing upon me the need to commit to a Christian community, for accountability and protection, and to join hands with His people to speak truth into the lives of others who have yet know Jesus and His saving grace. For it is His will that none should perish and we are to do His will while we still have breath.

Jesus is the Way, the Truth and the Life (Jn14:6). He is our hope. I know my salvation is secure because of Jesus’ sacrifice. Therefore, I can rest in the certainty that God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever (Ps73:26).